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Hollywood

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FAY WRAY

A Natural Color
Study

RUBY
KEELER
Tells on
DICK POWELL



MP 411 R 27

PN 1993
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R_x EXPERIENCES OF A WOMAN DOCTOR

SHE had taken the doctor's oath to guard the secrets of her patients, this girl who knew and sympathized with suffering, sinning humanity, but her own secret—that shadow cast by a carefree past—was the one secret that she could not keep. Don't miss this revelation of a doctor's experiences, as only a woman can tell it, in the January

Romantic Stories

Is Thrilling and Different!

All of its many stories are taken from real life loves and problems. There are no artificial "Cinderella" love stories, but gripping revelations of modern men and women.

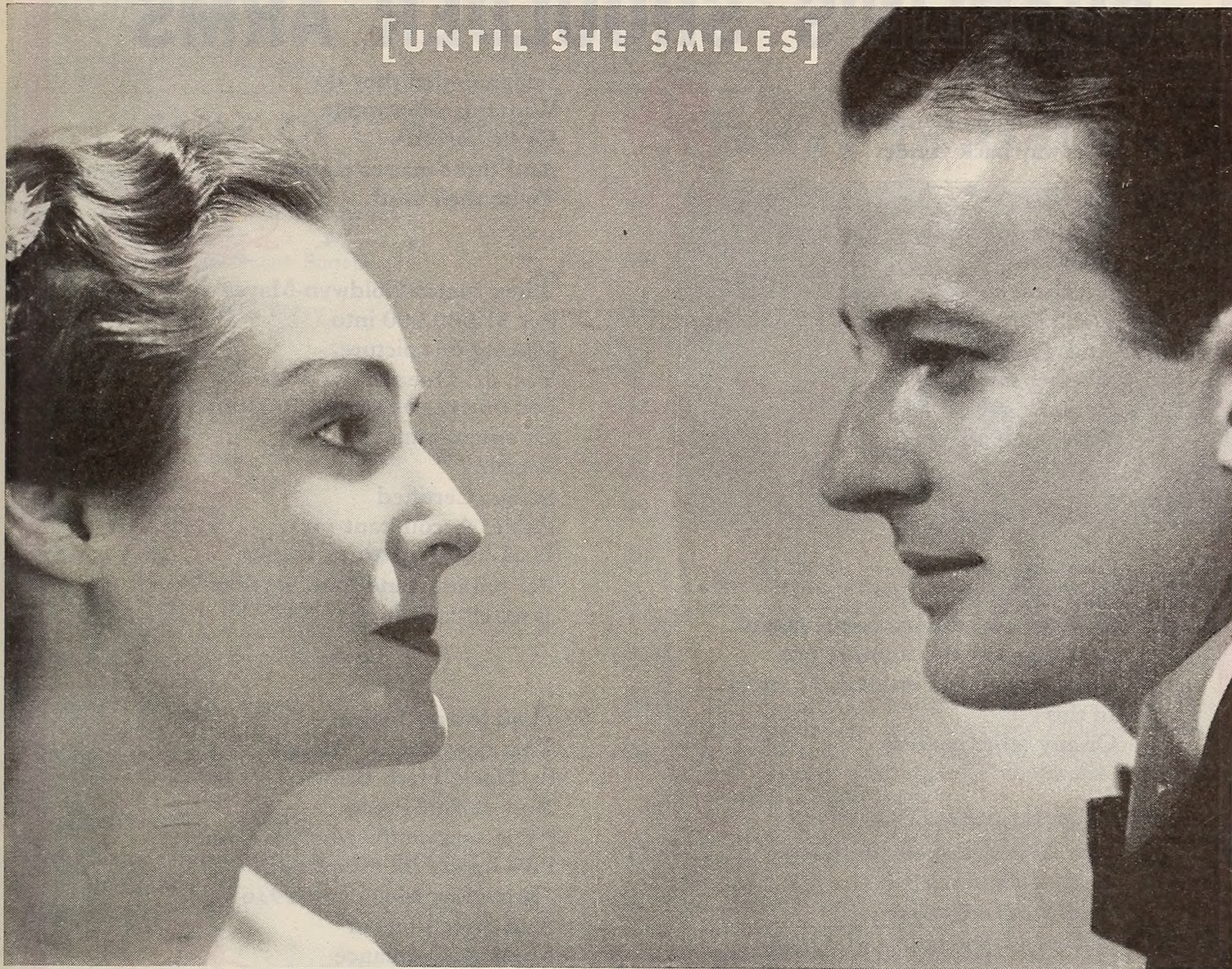


Romantic
STORIES

Enchanted Moment

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487

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



58

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her avoid all close-ups — dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm

A MAN'S first swift look sometimes says . . . "You're a charming woman."

And a woman's eyes may answer . . . "You're a likeable person."

And then she smiles. Lucky for both of them if it's a lovely, quick flash of white teeth, in healthy gums.

For a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums can blast a budding romance in a split second!

WHY IS "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" SO COMMON?

It's very simple. The soft foods that we all eat nowadays—almost exclusively—

cannot possibly give teeth and gums enough work to do to keep them healthy. They grow lazy. Deprived of the natural stimulation of hard, coarse foods, they become sensitive, tender. And then, presently, "pink tooth brush" warns you that your gums are unhealthy—susceptible to infection.

Modern dental practice suggests Ipana plus massage for several good reasons. If you will put a little extra Ipana on brush or fingertip and massage your gums every time you brush your teeth, you will understand. Rub it in thor-

oughly. Massage it vigorously. Do it regularly.

And your mouth will feel cleaner. There will be a new and livelier tingle in your gums—new circulation, new firmness, new health.

Make Ipana plus massage a regular part of your routine. It is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums. For with healthy gums, you've ceased to invite "pink tooth brush." You are not likely to get gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease. And you'll bring the clear and brilliant beauty of a lovely smile into any and every close-up.



THE FUNNIEST PICTURE SINCE CHAPLIN'S "SHOULDER ARMS"

And that—
If your memory is good . . .
Was way back yonder!

★ ★ ★

We've gone a long way back
We admit.

But then, consider what
"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA" has—
And you'll see why
We feel safe
In making
This comparison.

★ ★ ★

It has
The Marx Brothers—
Groucho . . . Chico
And Harpo—
Every one of them a comic genius,
And together the funniest trio
That ever played on stage or screen
In this
Or any other country.

★ ★ ★

And it was written by
Two famous comedy dramatists—
George Kaufman
And Morrie Ryskind
(George is the fellow who wrote
"Once in a Lifetime,"
"Merrily We Roll Along,"
And Morrie collaborated
With George on
"Of Thee I Sing" and other hits).
This is their first joint job
Of movie writing.
Their stage successes were
Laugh riots—



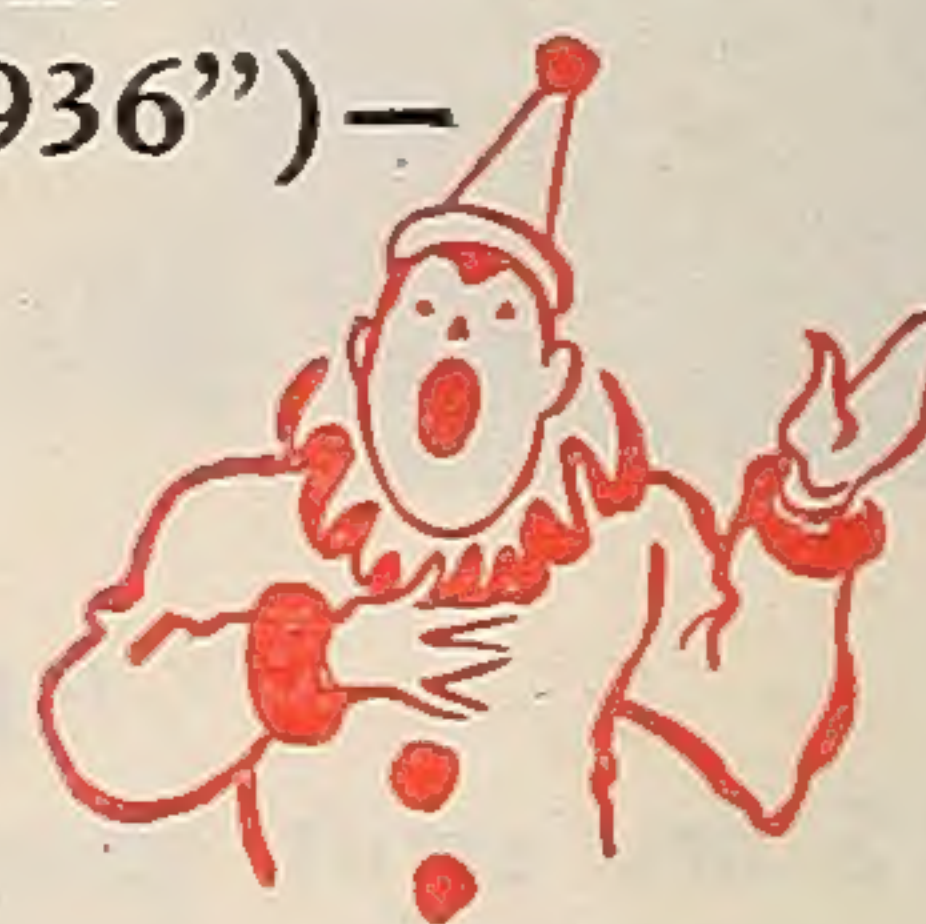
Imagine what they do
With the wider range
Of the screen—
And three master comics
To do their stuff.

★ ★ ★

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Put \$1,000,000 into
Making this picture.
Yes, sir! One million dollars
For ninety consecutive minutes
Of entertainment.
Which,
So our Certified
Public Accountant says,
Is \$12,000 worth of laughs
Per minute (and that, we think,
Is an all-time high).

★ ★ ★

And lest we forget,
That new song—"Alone"
By Nacio Herb Brown
And Arthur Freed
(The tunesmiths who gave you
Five happy hit numbers in
"Broadway Melody of 1936")—
And there's lots of
Music and romance
For instance
Allan Jones' rendition
Of "Il Trovatore"
(Watch this boy, he's
A new singing star)
And watch
Kitty Carlisle—
She is something
To watch!



"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA"

Starring the

MARX BROTHERS

with KITTY CARLISLE and ALLAN JONES • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Sam Wood • Story by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind

The News Reel
of the Stars

JANUARY, 1936

Hollywood

Edited in
Hollywood

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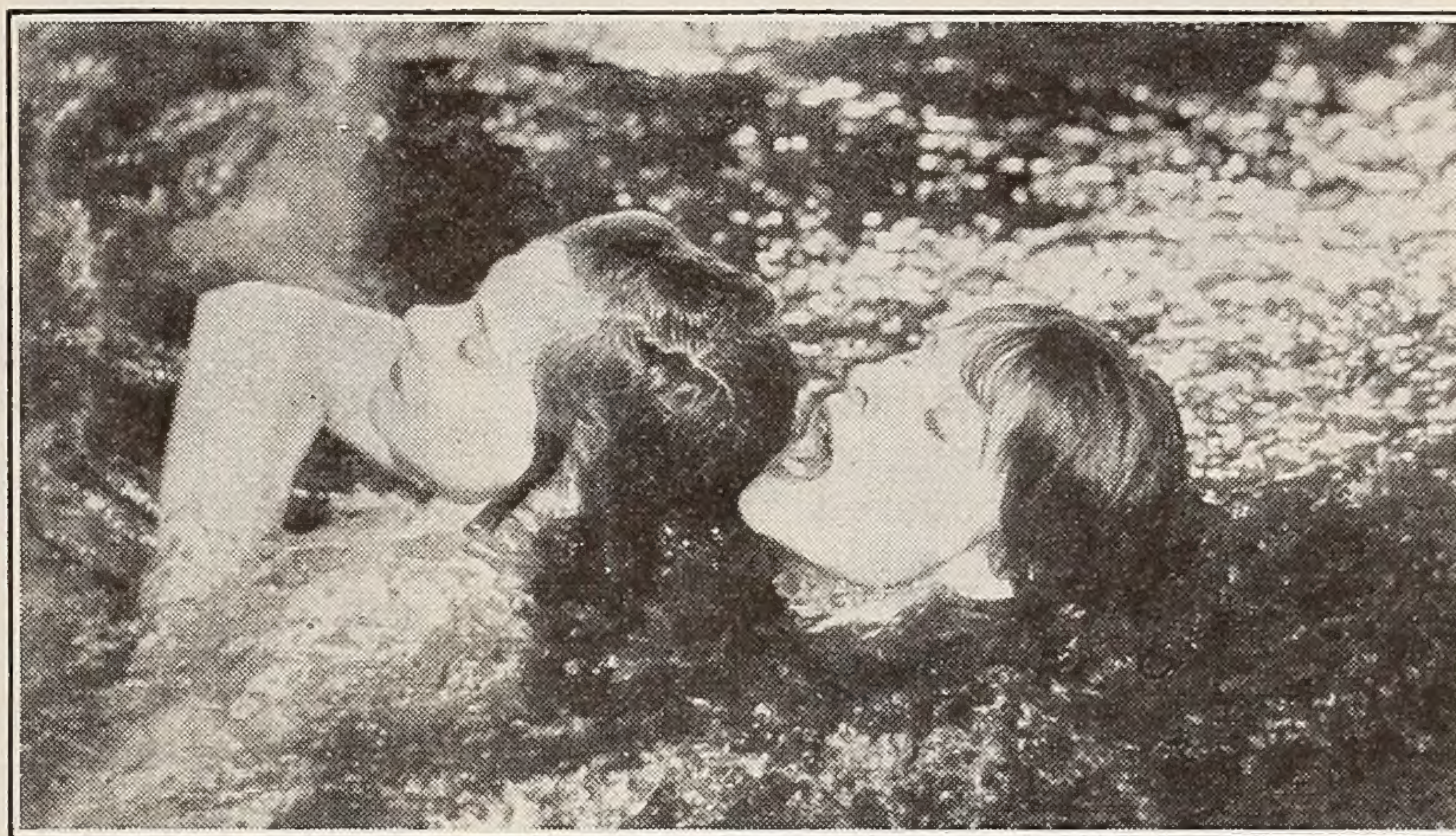
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Cover photo of Fay Wray, G-B Star, by Edwin Bower Hesser
Marian Rhea, Fashion Editor Charles Rhodes, Photographer

JANUARY, 1936

Today in Hollywood



No doubles in this unexpected drama! Here's an actual photo of Katharine Hepburn (right) rescuing Princess Natalie Paley from the treacherous currents of the Pacific during a dangerous scene needed in RKO's *Sylvia Scarlett*. It left them both exhausted

ALL HOLLYWOOD BOWED to Katharine Hepburn's grit as she limped through the final scenes of *Sylvia Scarlett*, suffering almost unbearable pain from a severe hip injury sustained because she refused a double for two perilous sequences in the production.

After three days of battling the chilly waters and high seas of the Pacific Ocean, the star allowed herself to be thrown from a house. Four "takes" were required before the stunt was executed to the liking of the director, and on the final try Katie landed on a huge rock.

After 24 hours in her bed under a physician's care, Hepburn hobbled to a sound stage, and insisted upon resuming work rather than cause the big company to be laid off.

"You should have let us use a double for the dangerous parts," suggested the director.

"Oh, yes?" shot back Katie. "And why should I ask someone else to risk their life doing something for which I would get the credit from the public!"

WHEN BRUSH FIRES sweeping the hills back of the Malibu colony threatened the beach homes of the talkie stars, two beautiful young women, their clothes tattered by brambles and jagged rocks, their faces begrimed by the dense smoke, carried on throughout the whole night, doling out hot coffee to the army of forest rangers and volunteers battling to check the flames.

They were Myrna Loy and Gertrude Olmstead, the latter the wife of Director Robert Leonard. Because of their blackened countenances, however, both passed unrecognized by those they were serving.

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Hollywood's News Reel

Jan Flares Up

JAN KIEPURA, THE Polish importation, may be the world's greatest tenor, but occasionally he falls far short on Hollywood popularity, if that means anything to him.

Jan's temperament outbursts are reported to have become almost a daily occurrence, often drawing up-the-sleeve snickers from his co-workers.

After renting a Beverly Hills manse, the song-bird discovered the costly furnishings clashed with his artistic tastes, so he had them carted off to storage, and re-equipped the place out of his own pocket. Then he pouted for four days because he objected to Gladys Swarthout as his leading lady.

When on the sound stages, he has at his elbow a tea-wagonish appearing cabinet filled with gargles, sprays and other remedies for his million-dollar throat.

But the climax came when he asked Director Al Hall to cease smoking cigarets in his presence, and demanded that Bing Crosby be tossed off the set post-haste because the crooner was puffing a pipe.

• •

Marriage No Barrier

ALICE MOORE, 19-YEAR-OLD daughter of Alice Joyce, who eloped to Yuma with Felix Knight, the songster, the day after Metro signed her to a long-term, has no intention of tossing aside her talkie career.

Instead, Felix has agreed to give up his concert work, and become a Hollywood thespian. He already has one picture rôle to his credit, the lead in *Babes in Toyland*.

ON THE COVER

Color is the thing in modern day photography, and it's just as appropriate, too, in costumes for winter sports. Fay Wray, beautiful G-B star, is the subject of this month's natural color photo taken at the studios of Edwin Bower Hesser.

The gay hues of her snug coat and scarf combine with the brightly colored mittens to lend dash and sparkle to the sports clothing. Miss Wray's delicate coloring makes her an apt subject for the natural color camera, newest marvel of the film industry. The photograph was obtained when Miss Wray returned to Hollywood for a visit after making a series of pictures in London for Gaumont-British Productions.

Ann Wins Her War

ALL HOLLYWOOD Is elated over Ann Harding's success in her battle to retain full custody of her daughter, Jane—a legal fight on which the blonde star was ready to stake her career and her fortune.

Following up the victory she garnered in the Nevada courts, Ann went into the California tribunals, and, step by step, battled the case built up by her ex-husband, Harry Bannister, who has originally charged that she was an unfit person to guide the destiny of their offspring—an allegation that he withdrew in the face of defeat.

Jane will remain in Ann's care twelve months of the year.

She told the judge, however, that she was willing that Bannister see his child at her Hollywood home whenever it was convenient, and that she was agreeable to having the father take Jane on occasional week-end trips.

• •

Ability vs. Clothes

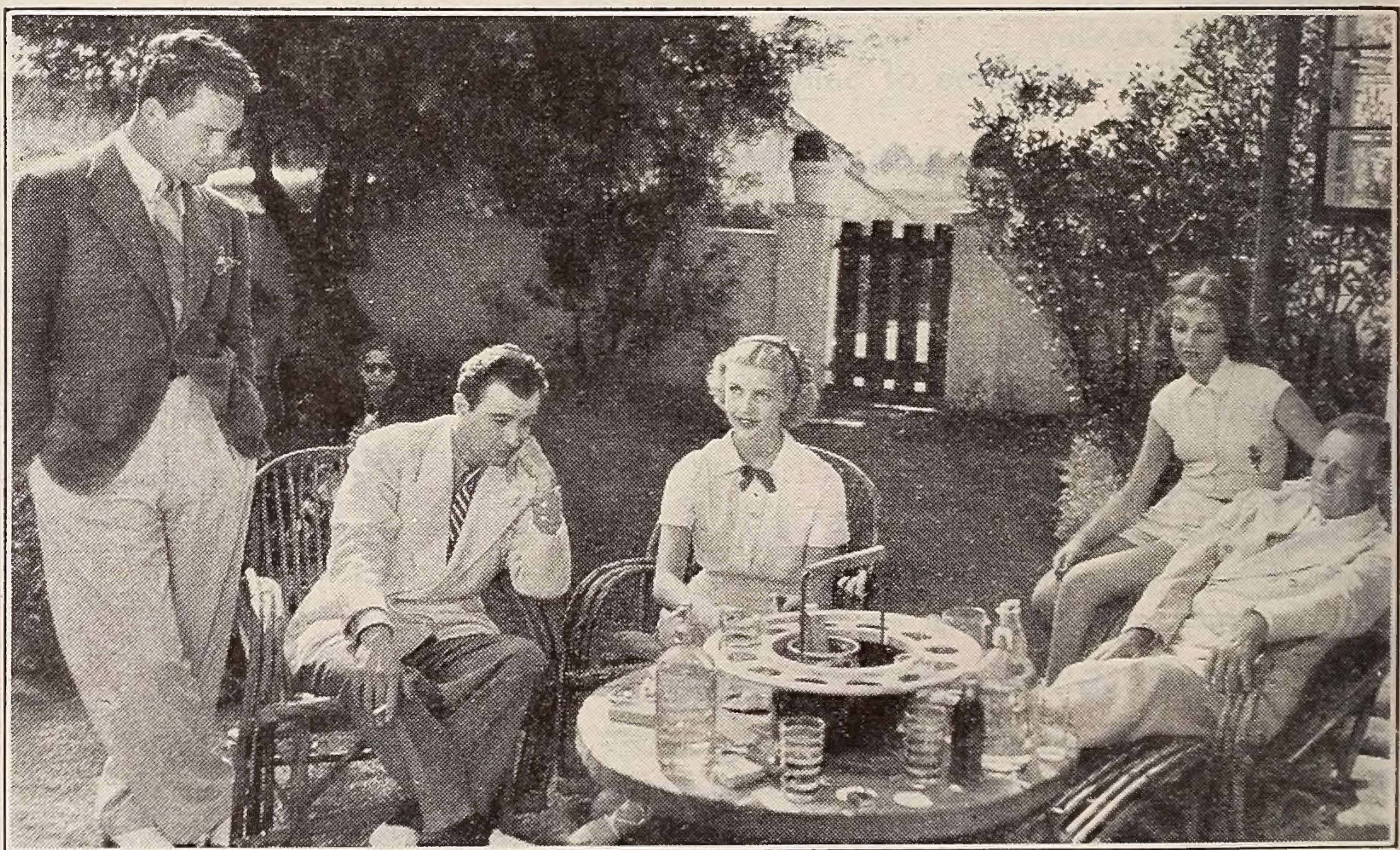
BEING KNOWN AS one of the screen's best dressed stars has its perils, if you can take Kay Francis' word for it.

"No actress wants to be so elaborately attired that women in the audience are so bent on remembering the lines of her gowns and hats that they become

[Continued on page 8]



Off set fun! Lily Pons, starring in RKO's *I Dream Too Much*, offers a spot of food to Jerry, the trained seal, with Director John Cromwell telling her how



—Photo by Charles Rhodes

Anita Louise was trying to do a card trick when the cameraman snapped this picture. Her unappreciative audience included, from the left, Guinn Williams, Fred Keating, Paula Stone and Fred Stone. Photo was taken at the Stone residence

Come
Adventuring
with

CAPTAIN BLOOD

The buccaneers are coming!... in Warner Bros.' vivid picturization of Rafael Sabatini's immortal story of the 17th century sea rovers.

After two years of preparation and, according to reliable Hollywood sources, the expenditure of a million dollars, "Captain Blood" is ready to furnish America with its big holiday screen thrill.

What with great ships, 250 feet in length, crashing in combat, with more than 1000 players in rip-roaring fight scenes—with an entire town destroyed by gunfire—this drama of unrepressed

THE PICTURE
OF THE MONTH



hates and loves, the story of a man driven by treachery into becoming the scourge of the seas, is superb beyond any screen parallel.

And the cast is just as exciting as the production! First there's a brand-new star, handsome *Errol Flynn*, captured from the London stage for the title role; and lovely *Olivia de Havilland*

who brilliantly repeats the success she scored in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Others in a long list of famous names are Lionel Atwill, Basil Rathbone, Ross Alexander, Guy Kibbee, Henry Stephenson, Robert Barrat, and Hobart Cavanaugh, with Michael Curtiz directing for First National Pictures.

To do justice with words to the fascination of "Captain Blood" is impossible. See it! It's easily the month's grandest entertainment. And Warner Bros. deserve our thanks for so brilliantly bringing alive a great epoch and a great story!

Hollywood's News Reel

(Continued from page six)

oblivious to her performance," said Kay. "Even off the screen, a woman can be so stunningly clad that it will prove disconcerting to herself and to those whom she is with. For clothes become a handicap when the wearer cannot rise above them and be completely unmindful of them!"

• •

Dolores Signs Up

FREE FROM THE matrimonial entanglement that kept her off the screen for four years, beautiful Dolores Costello Barrymore will shortly resume her film career. Her comeback rôle will be as Dearest in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

The ex-mate of John Barrymore has been signed to a long-term contract by David Selznick, who is convinced that a single vehicle will restore her to her former popularity with movie patrons.

Again enthroned in the hilltop mansion where her children were born—the home awarded her in the divorce settlement — and her court worries over, Dolores has assumed a much more cheerful outlook on life than she has held for the last two years.

• •

Claudette Good Sport

THE NAME OF Claudette Colbert was omitted from the list of guests at the recent wedding of her ex-mate, Norman Foster, and Sally Blane, but the Academy award winner didn't let that stand in her way when she found an opportunity to extend her congratulations to the newlyweds.

It all happened in the Vendome, where Claudette was lunching with her aunt, when Norman and his bride entered, and were ushered to a nearby table.

Claudette waited until they were seated, then strolled over, shook hands with the pair, and delivered her blessings.

Claudette's marriage to Dr. Joel Pressman is expected to take place during the Christmas holidays.

• •

War Call Possible?

SHEILA BROWNING, A Broadway beauty carving a name for herself in Hollywood, is sadder than sad these evenings, what with her heart-throb, Henry Wilcoxon, extending his vacation in London until it is decided

whether King George's forces are to be tossed into the Italian-Ethiopian mix-up.

Henry is a reserve officer in the King's army.

• •

Henry To Go Benedict

SHIRLEY ROSS HAS finally broken down and confessed that she'll step to the altar almost any day now with Henry Fonda, former husband of Margaret Sullavan.

Both Shirley and Hank are natives of Omaha, Neb., but had never met until they worked together in a picture a year ago.

• •

Katie Knows Best

FOR WEEKS, KATHERINE DEMILLE has been pleading with the boy-friend, Erik Rhodes, in an effort to induce him to shave off that trick mustache he's worn ever since he arrived in Hollywood. She finally won out, and now see what's happened. . . .

Erik has been signed for three outstanding rôles in a row!

• •

Holiday Plans

IF JEAN ARTHUR has her way, when she visits New York over the Christmas holidays, she'll see "so many plays she'll get them all mixed up."

The scarcity of good theatre is Jean's one complaint against Hollywood, and she plans to make up for a long famine when she lands in Manhattan.

She plans to make the trip by plane, the primary purpose of the jaunt, of course, a reunion with her husband, Frank J. Ross, Jr.

Jean Arthur returns to New York this time as a star, an accolade she received for her work in Columbia's *If You Could Only Cook*.

• •

Leo Goes Fishing

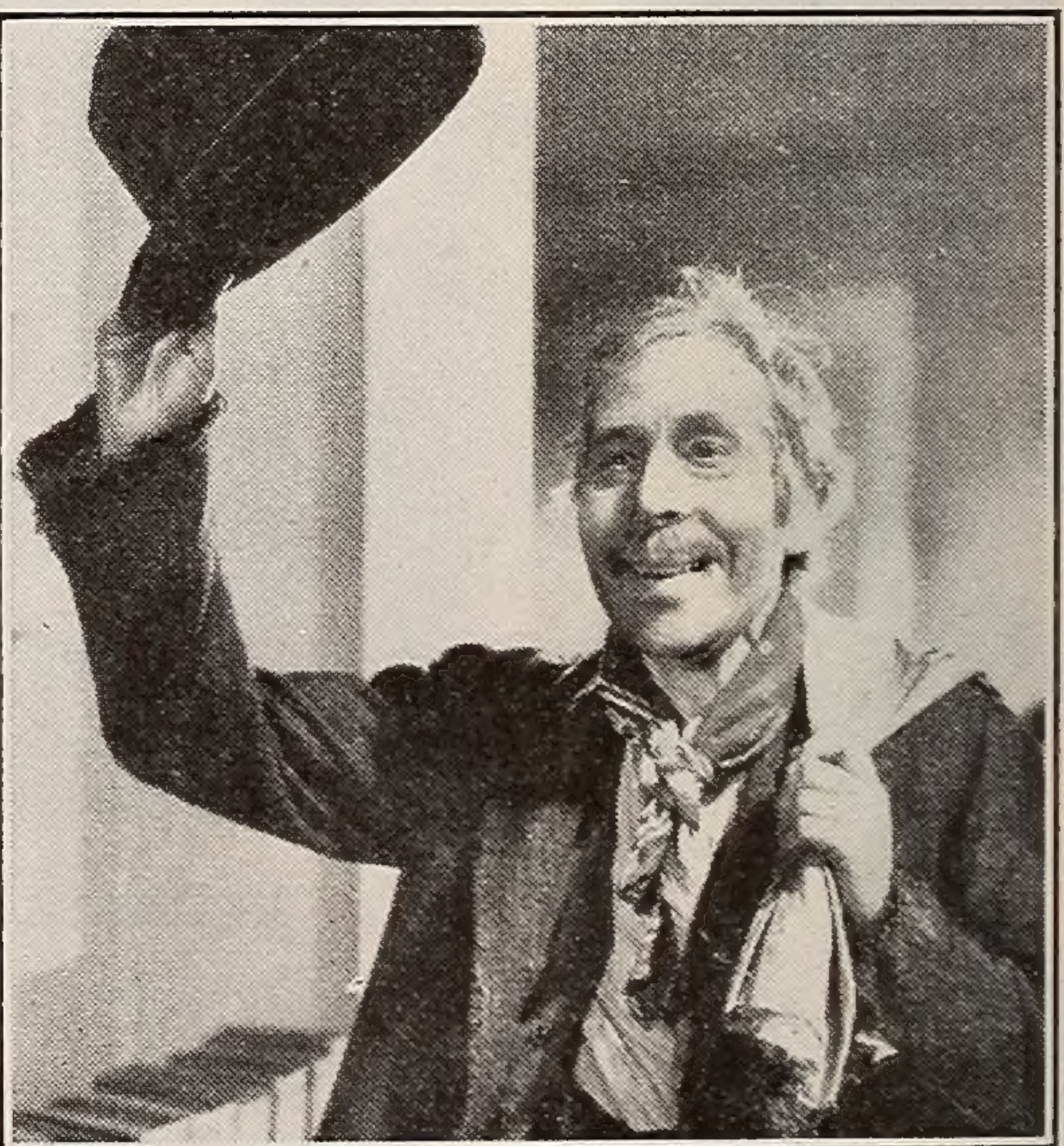
LEO CARRILLO TORE off for a deep-sea fishing trip as soon as he had finished work in his latest film for Columbia, pursuing the fighting yellow-tail into the semi-tropical waters about the Coronado Islands. His conveyance for the adventure was his sleek cruiser, the "Thetis," and his guests a number of non-professional friends from San Francisco and Los Angeles.



Look out, Charlie, your little game looks fatal! It's a scene from Charlie Chaplin's new picture, *Modern Times*



When Irene Dunne played the role of a blind woman in *Magnificent Obsession*, she invited Mr. and Mrs. Fruth, blind Los Angeles couple, to give her pointers



Three guesses who this is! We're spelling his name backwards so you won't dare cheat: ssilra egroeg. This is the way he'll appear to the world in G-B's *Mr. Hobo*

Chatterton Bakes Out

VEXED WITH A lingering cold during early days of production of *No More Yesterdays*, her first Columbia picture, Ruth Chatterton sought a dose of desert air at Palm Springs and returned home in two days completely cured. As a consequence, the star is recommending a mild roasting as the best possible cure for the sniffles.

• •

A Tough Assignment

WANTED: A SIX-FOOT Hollywood actor with a grand sense of humor and a genuine Irish temper! Walter Forde, G-B director who is preparing Kipling's famous story, *Soldier's Three*, is searching Hollywood now for a man to star in the rôle. And Forde knows what he wants — blue eyes, rugged face, plenty of agility.

In his search for a screen "Mulvane" Forde will pick a man who can play the part of a good drinker, a good fighter, a good story teller. He must be loved by his pals and hated thoroughly by his enemies. Some assignment, but the G-B director isn't discouraged.

• •

Lorre Sails For London

PETER LORRE, WHO hits his screen stride in *Crime and Punishment*, temporarily has deserted Hollywood to do a London picture. G-B has signed him to co-star with Madeleine Carroll in W. Somerset Maugham's *Secret Agent* which will go into production soon.

• •

See America First!

HOLLYWOOD STARS ARE revising both work and vacation plans as the war clouds continue to gather over Europe.

Fredric March has called off his deal with Mussolini to go to Italy and star in the Mussolini-financed production of *Christopher Columbus*, while Cary Grant is reported to be dickering for a release from a contract with a British concern that was to have netted him \$60,000 for one rôle.

Rod LaRocque and Vilma Banky have cancelled reservations for a jaunt to Budapest, and will visit Honolulu instead. Rosalind Russell will seek relaxation in South America rather than in Paris.

• •

Battle Is Ended

MADAME ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK is moving into a dressing suite on the Metro lot, for that will be her cinematic home during the next two years.

After more than a decade of trying to crash the Hollywood gates, the aged opera star suddenly awakened to find herself holding two contracts, one promising her services to the new

[Continued on page 10]



Double Mint Gum
just naturally helps
make a beautiful mouth

WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

FIVE STICKS

MADE IN U.S.A.

IT'S THE CHEWING EXERCISE THAT DOES IT!

Hollywood's News Reel

(Continued from page nine)

Mary Pickford-Jesse Lasky concern, the other adding her name to M-G-M's roster.

The muddle, which threatened to end in the courts, was settled when Metro agreed to loan the Madame to Lasky for one production a year.

• •

Darla Makes Good

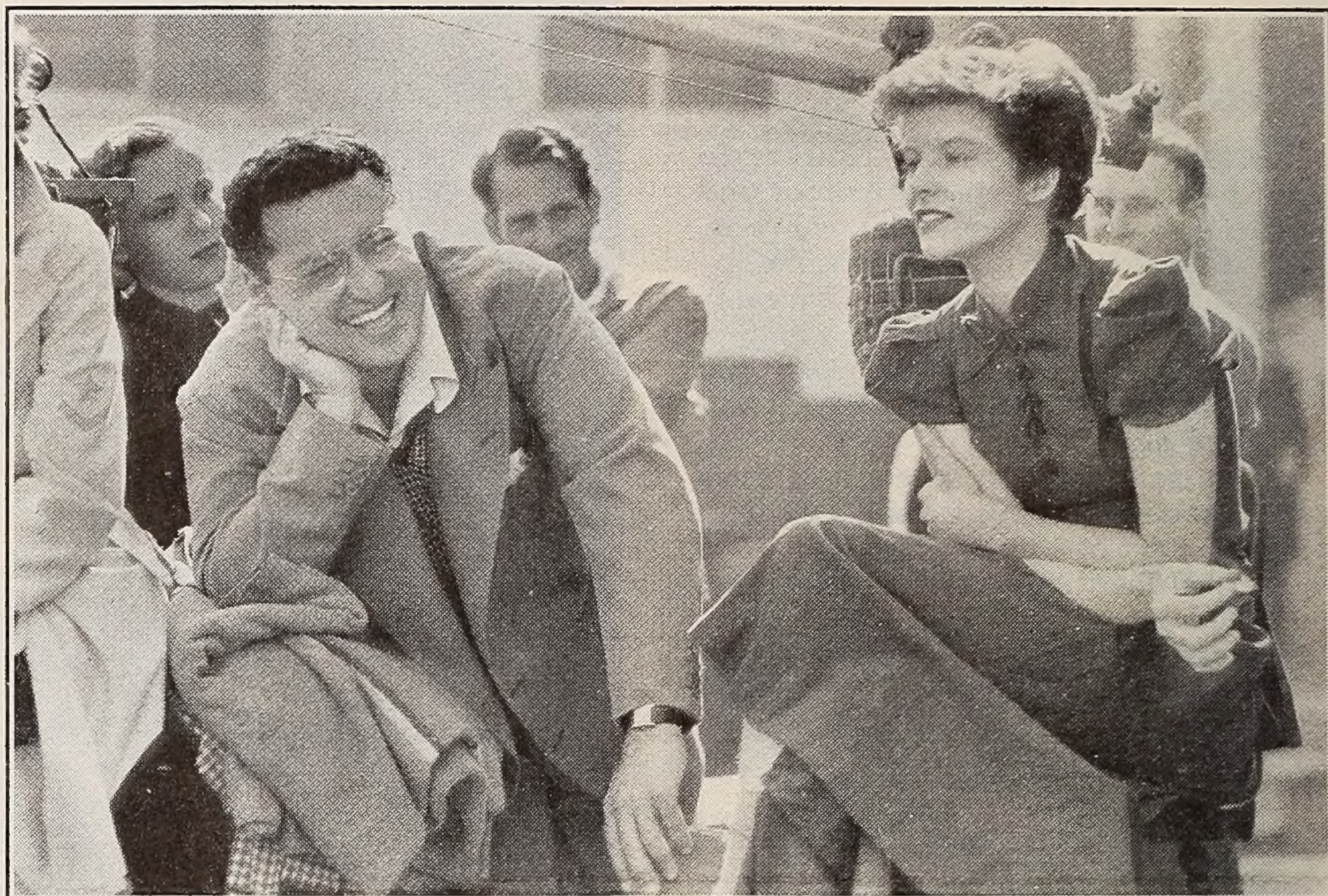
FOUR-YEAR-OLD DARLA HOOD, the smiling golden locks who made her screen debut in *Our Gang Follies*, has hurdled the first barrier on the road to celluloid success. As a reward for her efforts in the *Follies*, Producer Hal Roach has signed her for seven years at a weekly salary ranging from \$75 to \$750.

• •

Jackie's A Man Now

JACKIE COOGAN, WHO amassed a fortune as a kid star, has attained his majority, and now he's the sole master of a trust fund estimated at more than a million dollars. But Jackie is a pretty level-headed kid, and he doesn't intend to waste any of his savings.

While he's terribly interested in



Hepburn's new hair cut! Here she is, as she appears in *Sylvia Scarlett*, telling Director George Cukor a funny story—and getting a big laugh from him

Betty Grable, he says he can't consider marriage for a long while. First, he wants to complete his college education, after which he plans to enter the production end of the talkies.

Meanwhile, he plans to organize a traveling stock company, with which he will tour the country.

• •

Harlow Goes Natural

WHEN *Riff Raff* COMES To the screen, you'll see Jean Harlow sans her platinum blond tresses for the first time since she launched herself on a picture career. She has allowed her hair to revert to its natural hue, a shade half-way between yellow and brown, which the make-up experts have dubbed "brunette."

• •

Loyalty Costs Life

DEATH OF SAM HARDY, stricken on the sets while working in *Shoot the Chutes*, Eddie Cantor's new starring vehicle, cost Producer Sam Goldwyn more than \$75,000 for retakes on scenes in which the veteran actor appeared.

It was Sam's strict adherence to the trouper's code—"The show must go on"—that cost Sam his life.

Doctors warned Hardy that an op-

eration for appendicitis was imperative, but he insisted on continuing in his rôle until the production was "in the can," rather than force an expensive delay on the company. For three days, he faced the cameras, suffering pain almost beyond human endurance.

When he finally collapsed and was taken to the hospital, he was beyond medical aid.

• •

Howard Goes Courting

HOWARD HUGHES, RICH young aviation enthusiast and erstwhile picture producer, is squiring Katharine Hepburn hither and yon these evenings, and Hollywood is wondering what has become of Leland Hayward, Katie's reputed fiancé, who has so frequently been rumored wed to her in secret rites.

• •

What, No Butterflies!

A STRANGER STROLLING onto Columbia's *If You Could Only Cook* set the other afternoon, probably would have taken one peep, then fled for fear the mad-house attendants would be arriving with straight-jackets. For there were Herbert Marshall, Leo Carrillo, William (Director) Seiter and Jean Arthur armed with butterfly nets,



Back from London! Walter Huston and his wife, Nan Sutherland, reach America after a long stay in London where Huston played the title role in the G-B picture, *Rhodes, the Empire Builder*. Huston played the role of President of the United States in *Transatlantic Tunnel* and charged G-B nothing for the service!

chasing a lone sparrow all over the place.

Entering via an open window, the bird took roost in the rafters, and chirped zealously each time Jean sounded off with her lines.

Shooting was delayed for more than an hour before the company got rid of the pest.

• •

Arliss Stays Home

BECAUSE GEORGE ARLISS is subject to three income tax levies—British, American and California—when he makes pictures in Hollywood, the veteran star has decided to do all of his emoting with G-B pictures in England until such a time as the California legislature repeals the newly-enacted state tax on earnings.

By confining his celluloid efforts to the studios in his native land, he pays only the British tax.

• •

Kingdom For A Horse

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW is momentarily eager to trade his \$1,250-a-week stardom for a berth as a cowpuncher. But because so many obstacles stand in the way of such a barter, he's willing to compromise and remain on the screen, if someone will give him a real Western pony.

To the 11-year-old Britisher, the most glamorous folks in America are those who ride bucking broncos and toss lariats. His favorite actors are Tom Mix, Buck Jones and Ken Maynard. A rodeo provides him with more thrills than any other type of entertainment.

Freddie already has the chaps, boots, spurs, five-gallon hat and a saddle.

[Continued on page 14]



What, posing again? Yep, there's no time off! Robert Young snaps the camera while Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert pose between scenes during the shooting of *The Bride Comes Home*

The Roving Reporter



discovers the sure, safe way to
reduce . . . THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE



"IS EXERCISE EFFECTIVE?"
"I'm all tired out going through dozens of strenuous exercises. I have no pep left for any fun."



"DID DIET REDUCE YOU?"
"It took off the weight, but chiefly from neck and face. I look like a scarecrow and I'm so irritable."



"DRUGS TAKE OFF FAT?"
"Yes, too much of it, and now I can't get it back. I feel miserable most of the time and look haggard."

Reduce YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 inches in 10 days.. or no cost!

WOULD YOU like to have the slender, graceful figure so admired by everyone? Of course you would! Our roving reporter found that the majority of women want to be slimmer. Yet many go about it in a way to get unpleasant, and even harmful results. Profit by the experience of 200,000 women and reduce the safe Perfolastic way! You will *appear* smaller immediately and then, after a few days those unwanted inches *actually* disappear. Remember, you lose 3 pounds in 10 days . . . or it costs you nothing!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

■ The healthful, invigorating principle of massage is the basis of Perfolastic's great success. The special Perfolastic material is so designed that it exerts a gentle massage-like action on your flesh. With every move you make, every breath you take, this massage-like action takes away those extra inches, and with the loss of burdensome fat comes added energy and pep.

No Diet . . . No Drugs . . . No Exercises

■ All this is accomplished without any discomfort or effort on your part. You do not have to deny yourself the good things of life. You eat what you want and take as much—or as little—exercise as you wish. Yet the extra inches disappear from waist, hips and diaphragm with a rapidity that is amazing!

Perforations Keep Your Body Cool

■ The inner surface of the special Perfolastic material is soft and delightfully silky to feel next to your body. The many perforations allow your skin to breathe and moisture to evaporate without the usual sticky-corset unpleasantness. The specially designed lace-back keeps your Perfolastic fitting perfectly as the inches disappear.

MAKE THIS FREE TEST NOW!

See for yourself that Perfolastic is the sure, safe, invigorating way to reduce! Remember, it costs you nothing to try it!



"WHAT DID PERFOLASTIC DO FOR YOU, MISS HEALY?"
"I lost 9 ins. from my hips and 20 lbs. in weight. I feel so much better and I eat everything."



DON'T WAIT! Mail this coupon now. You, too, can regain your slender, youthful figure!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 71, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

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THE FAN MAIL PAGE

Edited by Harmony Haynes
Film Player and Novelist

IN SPITE of our nice long list of "don'ts" that started this department, there are still a number of fans asking stars for clothes. We can hardly blame you when we know that you see your favorites in such lovely creations and read so much about their beautiful wardrobes—but, there is a reason why your requests are not apt to be granted.

Most of the clothes the stars wear on the screen are not their personal property. Every studio employs a very high salaried designer, whose duty it is to design new and lovely creations for the stars to wear in pictures. In designing, there is much to be taken into consideration—what materials and what colors will photograph well—what lines are suited to what stars—and what styles are suited to the story.

The result is that many of such creations are not suitable for wearing any place except in front of the camera. They are worn for the number of scenes required in one picture. Then they are returned to the wardrobes, to be remade into something else, or kept in the wardrobe department to be used by extra girls for dress sets.

Studio Auction Sales

Often the wardrobe department has an auction sale and sells garments they no longer have use for. Girls who work in pictures buy the gowns and remodel them because they know that the colors and materials will photograph well.

The same is true of period or costume pictures. The costumes are the property of the studio and not the star. Such being the case, the star cannot send anyone a gown she wore in any particular picture no matter how much she might like to do so.

The star's personal wardrobe, of course, belongs to her and she can do whatever she likes with it. Every star that I can think of has a certain number of girls that she keeps dressed by passing on clothes that she no longer needs. They are not selfish at all but they would rather give their personal wardrobe to some girl they know personally than to send it to an unknown.

Letters From Afar

Our foreign fans came to the front with many nice letters this month. Bessie Milner, a Dick Powell admirer, and Desia Delrai (what a lovely name) a loyal Ginger Rogers fan, writes all the way from Johannesburg, South Africa to tell us about their favorite stars. Motion pictures do make countries seem closer together—



Leading lady of the month! It's Ginger Rogers, who received dozens of letters cheering her performance in *Top Hat*

Africa is just a suburb of Hollywood when we know we have friends there.

Pedro J. Tinio from Manila tells us that Ruby Keeler is a great favorite in the Philippines.

According to Ace Merry, Luise Rainer rates one hundred percent in Honolulu.

Black Hole of Calcutta

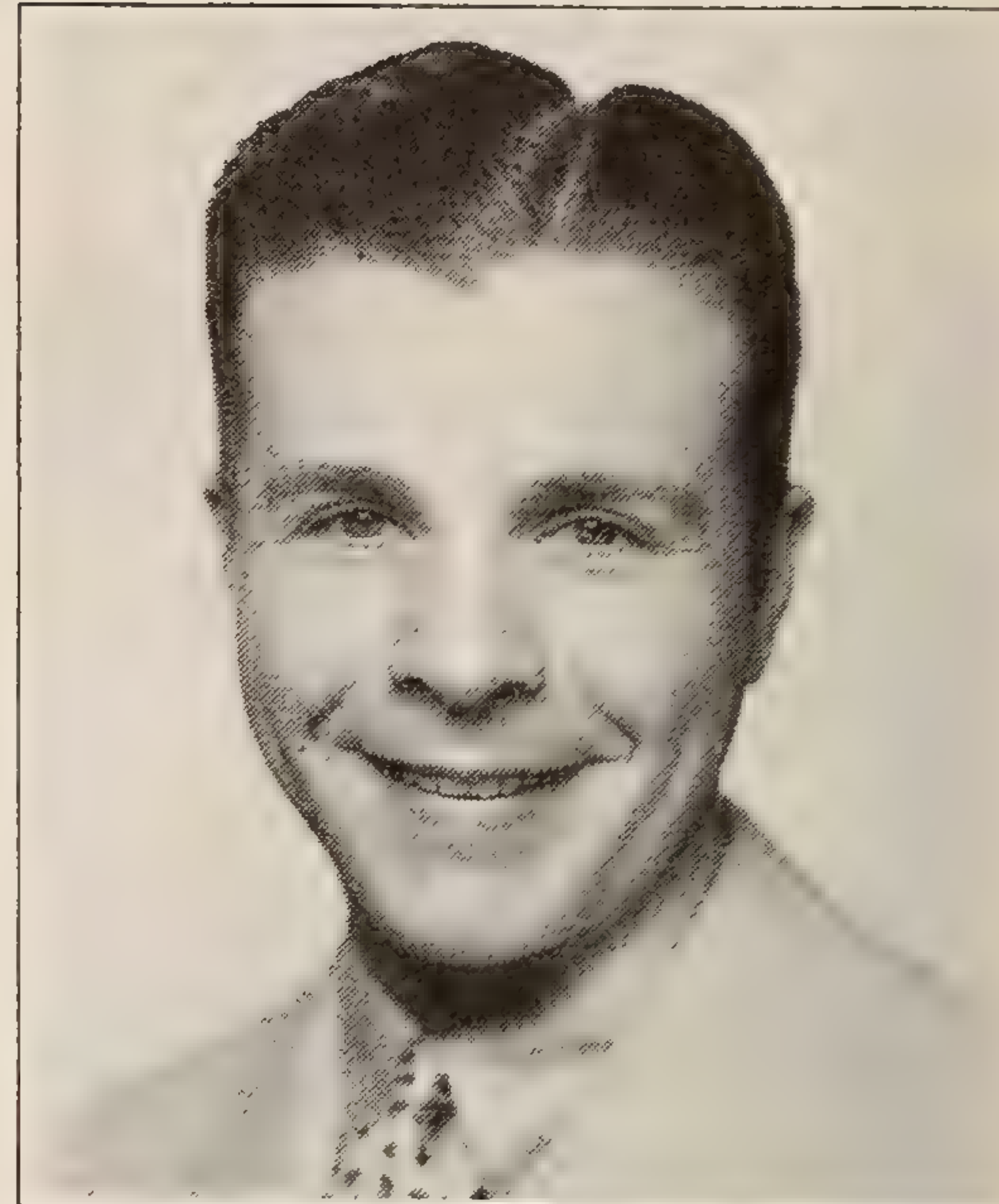
J. Edwards, of London, England, writes in praise of Loretta Young and especially of her work in *Clive of India*, saying, "I have often heard of the Black Hole of Calcutta but didn't really think it would be like it was shown in that picture." Neither did we—pictures really teach us so much about this great old world of ours.

B. B. writes an amusing letter saying that I said fans shouldn't "rave" about actors but no matter what I said, Nelson Eddy was a RAVE! You're right, B. B. and I didn't mean that you shouldn't praise a star, they deserve praise and they like it but they also like good, honest criticism whether it flatters them or not.

Chance for Correspondence

Anne Robinson, Baltimore, Maryland: Henry Fonda just couldn't help but be good in *Farmer Takes a Wife*. You know he starred in the stage play on Broadway for two seasons. There's a beautiful little "bit" player named Anne Robinson living at the Green Apartments, 6434 Yucca Street, Hollywood. Why don't you two get chummy?

Martha Henry of Pasadena—and others. I'm a "she" not a "he."



Leading man of the month! Dick Powell garners up the biggest portion of mail for the men. *Shipmates Forever* is the reason

Colorful Fiesta Scene

Carrie Klourza, Long Island, N. Y. When Paramount Studios were making *Rose of the Rancho*, they invited everyone in the Fawcett office to visit their ranch set. It was so beautiful, so colorful! Hundreds of people, of all ages, dressed in gay Spanish costume—dashing caballeros riding spirited horses—older men driving oxen—stage coaches anything and everything pertaining to festival time in early California. In the midst of all that atmosphere, Gladys Swarthout, dressed in yellow satin and wearing a lace mantilla, sang, her lovely voice hushing everyone to a breathless silence.

Clementina Mirabella, Mitzi Green is not appearing in pictures this season. She is all grown-up and appearing in a play of her own on Broadway.

Texan Speaks Up

Fred M. Cohen, of San Antonio, writes, in part:

"No one loves children more than I, but I also love to watch trained seals and other animals. And how under heaven can anyone sit for from one to three hours and watch a picture or a show or any sort of public entertainment where some very sweet, attractive, charming and clever little girl or boy is the star is certainly more than I can understand or believe."

Many feel the same way you do, Mr. Cohen, but by no means everyone—if you think so, you should get a peek at Shirley Temple's fan mail.

Christina Tedesco of Gloversville, New York, asks if Jack LaRue is a

HOLLYWOOD

villain off the screen? Uh, uh! Anything but! Maybe you will remember that his first important rôle on the screen was that of a priest. It was a beautiful piece of work and the off screen Mr. LaRue has that same kindly, almost benevolent look that he had in that picture. His hair is black, his eyes are large and very dark brown but there is no glint in them—just a soft, tender expression.

He is popular with women but his most faithful companion is his pretty sister, Emily. He is very fond of his family and has established them in a very nice Hollywood home.

His Little Sweetheart

I must tell you a very human little story about Mr. LaRue. One day, three years ago, I had to cover a chorus rehearsal for a story. I took my little niece, Mary Helen, then eight years old, with me. Across the room, Jack LaRue was also watching the rehearsal.

The moment Mary Helen saw him, she let go of my hand and scooted across to him. I sort of held my breath, wondering how he would react. But I didn't have to hold it long for the moment he realized that she was headed for him, he threw out his arms and scooped her into them. He talked to her a long time, when he sent her back to me, he kissed her. To this day he refers to her as "my little sweetheart."

Mrs. Earl Hinson, Dunn, North Carolina: John Boles is under contract to Fox Studios. You may write him there. I believe he is the most "borrowed" star in Hollywood for whenever a rôle comes up at any studio that calls for a handsome leading man with a golden voice, Mr. Boles is called upon to fill it. I have a letter from Virginia Gilliland, 5321 Kimbark Avenue, Chicago, informing me that she is secretary for "The Golden Voice Club," whose honorary president is none other than John Boles.

He's An Optimist

John is a frequent and very welcome caller at our offices. He's a chummy sort of person, really, and often drives our blues away with his optimistic outlook on life in general.

And believe it or not, we have a question coupon from Lora Rawans, of Owensboro, Kentucky, wanting to know if anyone loves her besides her husband. Yes, Lora, there's a dozen people in this office and they all love you. Why? Because you're one of our precious readers!

Margie Tobias of Blue Island, Illinois thinks it would be great if people who couldn't boost also forgot to knock. We agree with you, Margie but Walter Winchell doesn't. He says, "It is better to be hissed at than snored at."

Those who wish to write to Luise Rainer may address their letters to
[Continued on page 15]

JANUARY, 1936

You Still have a chance TO GET INTO THE MOVIES!



DOROTHY PAGE
Universal Pictures Star

HOLD-BOBS offer you an opportunity TO GET A FREE SCREEN TEST

Be ready for your big opportunity when the Search for Talent movie truck drives into your locality. Universal Pictures want new screen talent . . . and HOLD-BOB Bob Pins, Universal Pictures, Motion Picture and Screen Play are conducting the greatest Search for Talent ever made. Your HOLD-BOB dealer has complete details. Don't delay . . . the Search for Talent ends January 1, 1936.

(In circle) Cesar Romero and Jean Arthur as they appear in "Diamond Jim". A Universal Picture.

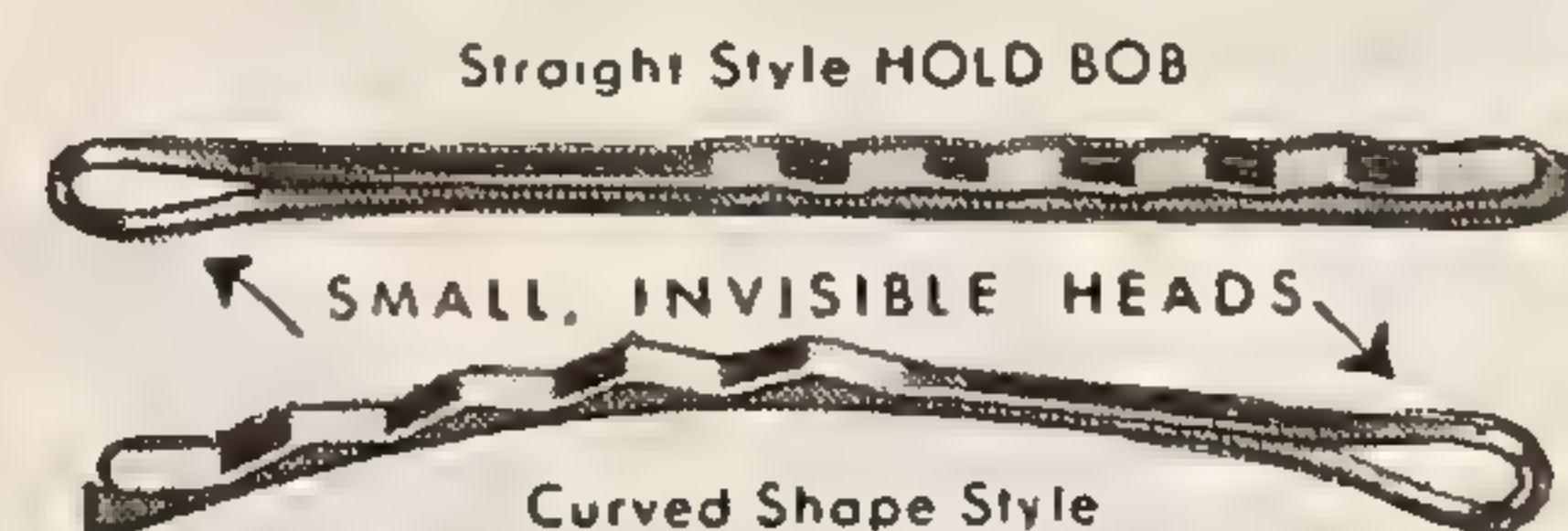


Louise Henry and the masked marvel in "King Solomon of Broadway". A Universal Picture.

from these photographs, the most likely prospects for a screen career. When the Search for Talent movie truck, carrying a crew of cameramen and technicians, comes to your locality, those selected will be given actual movie tests which will be forwarded to Hollywood for final judging by Universal executives. The winners will be brought to Hollywood, all expenses paid, for final screen tests and an opportunity for a movie contract.

And remember... movie actresses agree that a beautiful hairdress is one of the most important features of a girl's appearance. HOLD-BOBS are Hollywood's favorite bob pins . . . they insure a neat coiffure. Identify HOLD-BOBS by their Gold and Silver Foil cards. They're the bob pins with so many exclusive features: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible tapered legs, one side crimped. And HOLD-BOBS come in colors to match all shades of hair.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-125, Chicago, Ill.



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UNIVERSAL PICTURES HOLD-BOB BOB PINS
MOTION PICTURE SCREEN PLAY

THE
SEARCH
FOR
TALENT
MOVIE TRUCK

BID THAT COLD BE GONE!

**Oust it Promptly with This
Fourfold Treatment!**

BEWARE of a cold—even a slight cold—and *any* cold! A cold can quickly take a serious turn.

What you want to do is treat it promptly and thoroughly. Don't be satisfied with mere palliatives. A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. That's common sense. A cold, moreover, calls for a cold treatment and not for a cure-all.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what you want for a cold. First of all, it is expressly a cold tablet and not a preparation good for half a dozen other things as well. Secondly, it is internal medication and does four important things.

Fourfold Effect

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it checks the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

All drug stores sell Grove's Bromo Quinine—and the few pennies' cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense. Ask firmly for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and accept no substitute.

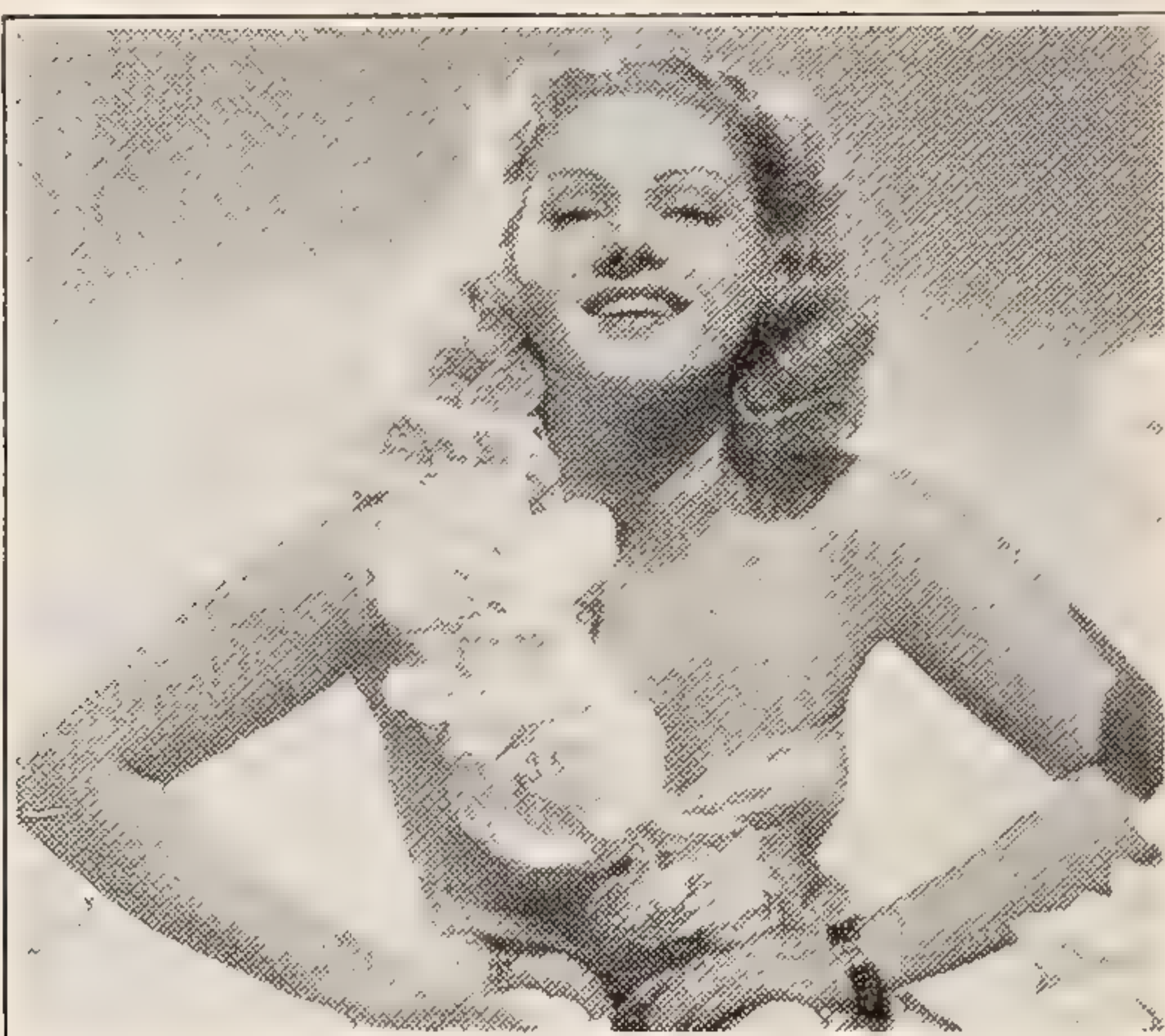
**A Cold is an
Internal Infection
and Requires
Internal
Treatment**



**GROVE'S LAXATIVE
BROMO
QUININE**

Hollywood's News Reel

(Continued from page eleven)



Fetching! Positively. That's why Grace Bradley is one of the most popular actresses on the Paramount lot. She has looks and personality enough for everyone



Oh, for the life of a mountaineer! Lois Lindsay and Gloria Shea, attractive Columbia players, would have you believe there is nothing so fleeting as a mere vision

Ensenada Sports

THE POPULAR MEXICAN resort at Ensenada in Lower California is proving an excellent place for movie stars to catch up on their superiority complexes.

Victor Jory went down to shoot grouse and wound up with a ferocious wild boar.

Gary Cooper went fishing there and caught a giant tuna and outsize barracuda until they almost swamped the tiny motor launch.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shields journeyed down and Mrs. Shields, for the first time, beat the socks off her worthy husband in a tennis match.

Roger Pryor went sailing and for the first time in his sailing career came back without have capsized his boat or having fallen overboard.

• •

Farming Does Pay

ANN DVORAK and Leslie Fenton apparently are the only talkie stars who have discovered the secret of operating a farm at a profit. Starting with 40 acres of walnuts out in the San Fernando Valley, the pair have since doubled their holdings, the additional acreage being planted to vegetables.

The other day, we dropped in on Ann and Leslie, and found them, clad in overalls, guiding a plow out on the "West 20."

"There's money in tilling the soil, providing you hold down your overhead by doing a big share of the work yourself," Ann explained.

Ann, however, doesn't spend all of her leisure in the fields. On the servants' weekly day off, she prepares the meals and washes the dishes, and Leslie dries them for her.

Rudy Sells Out

BECAUSE FAY WEBB has threatened a new series of court actions against him the minute he sets foot on California soil, Rudy Vallee has abandoned his plan to live here eight months of the year. As for his next screen vehicle, it will have to be filmed in the East—or not at all!

The crooner has disposed of all his real estate holdings in Hollywood and its environs in recent weeks, the last piece to go being the Spanish-type home he purchased as a honeymoon nest a few days after his ill-fated marriage to Fay.

While he paid more than \$100,000 for the manor, he is reported to have swallowed a \$50,000 loss to be rid of it.

• •

Romance In The Bud?

PATRICIA ZIEGFELD, daughter of Billie Burke, is going places with Will Rogers, Jr., son of the late humorist.

Young Rogers, having completed his college education, wants to become a newspaper editor, and plans to purchase a daily in or near Hollywood. Will's father was a great friend of Patricia's noted parent, Florenz Ziegfeld.

• •

Big Announcement Pends!

NOW THAT Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times* is ready for release, you may expect the announcement any moment that the comedian and Paulette Goddard are man and wife. This, despite the fact that you've known it for a year or more.

Fan Mail

(Continued from page thirteen)



Going collegiate in *Collegiate*. The candid cameraman caught this bit of tomfoolery on the Paramount set, featuring Lynne Overman, Frances Langford, Joe Penner and Ned Sparks

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

Anna Spichiel, Orangeburg, New York. Edna Wallace Hopper is not a picture star, therefore we have no contact with her. We are so sorry not to be able to grant your request.

Schuyler C. Hill (sounds like a writer's name, doesn't it?) of Centralia, Washington writes: "Joan Crawford's last three pictures, with their realm of wealth, were very good, but I would enjoy, greatly, a rôle where she could devote her talents to a far greater ability than Park Avenue."

Mr. Hill isn't the only fan who writes such a letter. In fact, the Crawford fans seem to be divided into two groups: Those who want her in rôles where she wears luxurious clothes and those who do not. Let's call it a contest and see which side can put up the best argument.

A Fan's Description

Chaw Mank of Staunton, Illinois wants us to say something about Dick Powell. All right, Chaw, we'll make a bargain. You get a new ribbon for your typewriter and we'll tell the world about Dick, using your very own description of him:

"Two years ago, when Dick was on the radio in St. Louis, I met him—and found him so dern boyish—and so human—that I asked for the honor—of a Movie Club. Dick blushed and

said, 'If you think me worth the while to boost, I'll be happy to have you have my Official Fan Club.' I told him he would be a great star some day. I was right, but big as he is, he is never too busy to serve his fans and to help the club."

Donato R. Cedrone, 288 Nevada Street, Newtonville, Mass., is president of the Tom Brown fan club. Donato writes us that recently Tom was in Boston and paid him a lengthy visit and that he liked him even better in person than he did on the screen.

Now for a Letter

Dear Editor:

A word of appreciation for your excellent fan magazine. Although all American film books surpass our English ones, I think the *HOLLYWOOD* Magazine the finest of them all.

Perhaps they are made more valuable by the fact that they are rather difficult to obtain over here; but those that do come my way amply repay any bother which I may have had in securing them.

Through your pages, I see more of Hollywood than I could ever hope to see in any of our film books; perhaps that is because you are there—on the spot, as it were.

It would be rather interesting to correspond with an American film fan; someone who can write and tell me all about Hollywood in the eyes of a typical American.

M. Brook, 48, Annandale Road, Sidcup, Kent, England.

Seven Years of Constipation!

Every quotation in this advertisement is from an actual and voluntary letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

BERNICE G. NOTARY PUBLIC
CHICK COUNTY, ILL.

Bernice G. Notary
NOTARY PUBLIC

"I had a most stubborn case of constipation, seven years of it, for which I tried almost everything."



"I was growing steadily worse until I read about Yeast Foam Tablets and decided to try them."

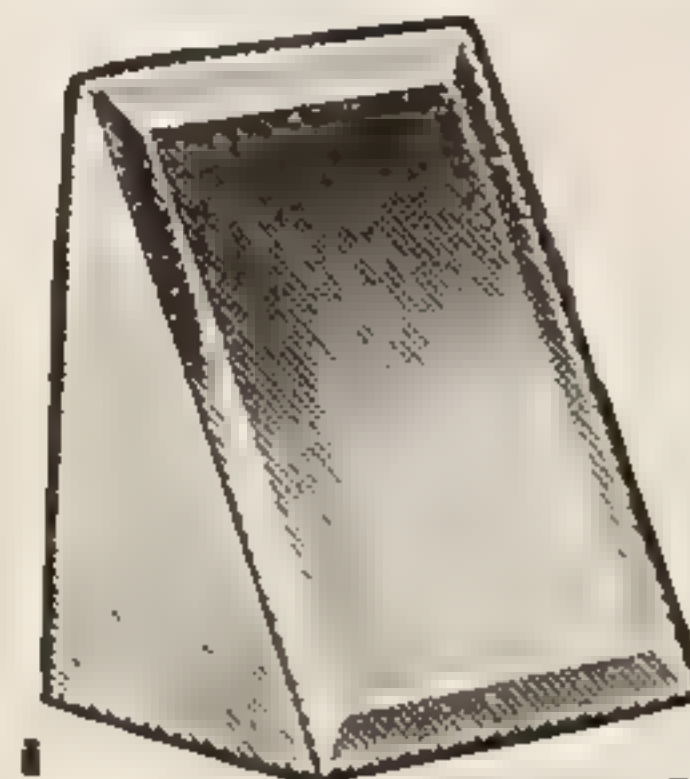


"In a short time I was entirely regulated. I have regained my old energy."



IMPORTANT to you is what Yeast Foam Tablets actually do, not what we say about them. So we bring you this true experience—one of hundreds reported by grateful users of these pleasant yeast tablets.

Rich in precious tonic elements, Yeast Foam Tablets strengthen the intestines and stimulate them to normal action. A food, not a drug, they correct constipation in a natural healthful way. How different from harsh cathartics which often irritate! Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Refuse all substitutes.



FREE! Lovely Tilted Mirror. Gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Free for coupon with empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send the handy tilted make-up mirror.

F. G. 1-36

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



TOPPER'S FILM REVIEWS



MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY— (M-G-M)

Without the usual fanfare of trumpets, the studio previewed *Mutiny* at the Chinese on a Sunday night, and the following morning the town was full of ovations. It's a stark, grim picture that wins nothing but praise from the men and surprised exclamations from a few shocked women. Telling the story of the historic British ship *Bounty* and mutiny against its cruel master, Captain Bligh (played by Charles Laughton), Director Frank Lloyd has unveiled a modern epic of the sea. Already there have been a multitude of cries that here is the finest picture ever filmed. Franchot Tone emerges as the big hit of the picture. He drew the only burst of applause at the preview upon completion of his defense in the Admiralty Court on mutiny charges. Clark Gable, as Bligh's right hand man who nevertheless leads the mutineers, joins with Tone and Laughton to share top honors. Many others in the cast deserve individual mention for their fine performances. Go to see *Mutiny*, but be prepared for a heartless story of men at their worst—and best. The unsatisfactory nature of the ending indicates that a sequel is in the offing.

THANKS A MILLION—(20th Century-Fox)—Little heralded and among the first products of the merged 20th Century and Fox studios, this picture scored a terrific hit when previewed at the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood! Dick Powell, playing the rôle of the crooner drafted to run as

the Square Deal Party's gubernatorial candidate, will convert regiments of doubting Thomases to his side. Fred Allen dead-pans his way to remarkable heights. Ann Dvorak, Patsy Kelly, Louis Walburn, and a grand cast quite out do themselves. If it were possible to stop a film, the singing of the Yacht Club boys would do it. It is nothing short of the gospel truth to call them absolute sensations with their Square Deal and Alphabet songs! *Thanks A Million* lifted the critics out of their seats and kept them cheering to the last flicker. With an election in the offing, the political satire refreshes everyone. Kids, pops and grandpops will all love it.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA— (M-G-M)

Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx return to the screen with a screamingly funny picture centering around the backstage life in grand opera. It's full of spectacular scenes, sparkling absurdities, and uproarious lines. Harpo takes the most honors, if such a selection is at all possible. The supporting cast is unusually strong, with Walter King and Kitty Carlisle contributing much to the picture.

SHOW THEM NO MERCY—(20th-Fox)—Interweaving the love interest be-



From M-G-M's *Mutiny on the Bounty*. Clark Gable and Franchot Tone meet aboard the British vessel, the *Bounty*

tween Edward Norris and Rochelle Hudson, with the activities of a kidnap gang headed by Cesar Romero and Bruce Cabot, this G-men picture sets a fast pace and is brimming with thrills. Norris and Miss Hudson are trapped by the fleeing gangsters after a kidnaping. How the G-men close in on the fugitives and how the young couple escape from their grasp is graphically shown. Guaranteed to entertain and thrill.

PETER IBBETSON—(Paramount)—is a magnificent picture carrying a tremendous emotional appeal based on the abiding love Peter, (played by Gary Cooper) holds for the Duchess of Towers. Under the direction of Henry Hathaway, Cooper and Ann Harding carry through on a brooding note which attains near-spiritual heights. Script, camera, and players combine to offer a tremendous story far above the ordinary thing seen on the screen. John Halliday, Ida Lupino and a fine supporting cast deserve credit for excellent portrayals.

I FOUND STELLA PARISH— (Warners)

Here's a picture aimed at the hearts of women, and in that respect it scores a perfect shot. Kay Francis, playing the rôle of a pardoned murderess who is trying to keep her notoriety from her own child, achieves high honors. It's her most versatile and finest rôle in years. Sybil Jason as the child, Ian Hunter as the snooping reporter, Paul Lukas as the trusted friend, and Jessie Ralph as the child's guardian are excellent. Gentlemen won't mind it and the ladies will weep tender tears.

RENDEZVOUS—(M-G-M)—The title is misleading; there isn't any lover's rendezvous involved; it's the name of a ship in the World War. William Powell plays the rôle of a government cipher expert attempting to smash a powerful enemy spy communication system. Rosalind Russell acts well and photographs poorly in her first major rôle. Binnie Barnes presses her for top honors as the feminine spy, but Rosalind's comedy flare is undeniable. Depth of intrigue keeps this from being another *Thin Man*.

FRISCO KID—(Warners)—James Cagney does a grand job in this new version of the *Barbary Coast*, which, like the United Artists film, does its best to convey the spirit of the Coast despite the inroads of the Hays office. You'll like Cagney, Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods and an excellent supporting cast. Woods does a superb job as the young crusading editor attempting to clean up the notorious shore district.

STARS OVER BROADWAY—(Warners)—Another silvery voice comes to the screen—or, more properly, two of them. Foremost is that of James Melton, big easy-going fellow who sends melodies echoing into the highest corners of the theatre. And next is Jane Froman, network radio star, whose voice is far, far above average. The story deals with Melton's climb to the top on Broadway under the subdued managership of Pat O'Brien. Pat surprises you with a somber interpretation of his usual high pressure rôle. Love interest is supplied by

HOLLYWOOD

CAPSULE GUIDE

Jean Muir in one of her very best performances to date. Frank McHugh contributes plenty of laughs. Melton's tenor voice is different from any you've heard on the screen yet. He ought to be going places.

THE MELODY LINGERS ON—(Reliance)—Again Josephine Hutchinson shows the sweeping power of her talents in this story of a mother's sacrifice to gain for her son the career of a great opera singer. Tragedy stalks her love affair with George Houston, playing Salvini, idol of the Italian opera. The



World War separates her from their love child. When the son, well played by David Scott, reaches manhood she triumphs in her struggle to give him his heritage of music. Well cast throughout, the newcomer George Houston, discovered by Edward Small, is particularly good; with his splendid voice and magnetic personality he will go far in pictures. Exciting glimpses of war, the invasion of the enemy, the abbey where Miss Hutchinson becomes a novitiate to be near her son, all are beautifully photographed and well played. Helen Westley is superb.

IN PERSON—(RKO)—Here is a delightful, rollicking yarn about a temperamental movie star—Ginger Rogers—and the outdoor man who tames the shrew. Ginger does her most versatile performance to date, and the remainder of the picture is a similar triumph for George Brent as the rugged individual. The dialogue sparkles with good lines. The two leading players and Alan Mowbray, as the conceited film actor who appears in films with Ginger, do an excellent job. See this one for an entertaining evening.



METROPOLITAN—(20th Century-Fox)—Lawrence Tibbett returns to the screen in a smashing musical triumph that combines the finest of popular, classical and pure operatic numbers. Aided by the delicate finesse of Virginia Bruce, Tibbett keeps the picture glowing with his astonishing voice and a superior bit of acting. You'll rave over his interpretations of "Road to Mandalay" and "De Glory Road," neither of which smacks of the usual Kiwanis Club rendition. Luis Alberni, Alice Brady, and George Marion, Sr., form an excellent supporting cast. The operatic numbers are real achievements, especially the Prelude from Pagliacci which climaxes the film. *Delightful for all adults.*



SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT—(Columbia)—Joan Bennett, George Raft, Billie Burke and Walter Connolly furnish plenty of entertainment in this picture which depicts the capers of a too-rich family. Raft handles very neatly the rôle of an ex-convict whose sole job is to tame down the family. There is a strange inter-mixture of slapstick and tragedy; nevertheless the film emerges as excellent entertainment with no definite moral involved. Miss Bennett takes full advantage of two or three high points to do some capable acting.



Barbary Coast—(United Artists)—Presents Miriam Hopkins, Edwin G. Robinson and a fine supporting cast in an absorbing story of gold rush days in San Francisco.

O'Shaughnessy's Boy—(M-G-M)—Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper step forward with another smash hit. The picture is full of tears and excitement and maybe too much dialogue on occasions.

The Big Broadcast Of 1936—(Paramount)—Jack Oakie, Lyda Roberti, Burns and Allen, Bill Robinson, Bing Crosby, and a few score other headliners in a very elaborate production that bases its story on the wonders of a television set. From beginning to end it is a steady pace of laughs and enjoyment.

Remember Last Night?—(Universal)—Carl Laemmle, Jr., presents a polished gem of exciting humor, studded with stars, in this film based on that best seller, *Hangover Murders*. Robert Young, Constance Cummings, and Edward Arnold win top honors.

Last Days Of Pompeii—(RKO)—Vesuvius stars in this spectacle of ancient days, along with Preston Foster in the rôle of a gladiator who gains tremendous power through brute strength and cunning.

I Live My Life—(M-G-M)—Joan Crawford sets a brand new pace in a grand comedy of a rich man's daughter who falls hopelessly in love with an archaeologist. Brian Aherne, contributes to the hilarious atmosphere along with some exceptional work by Frank Morgan.

Shipmates Forever—(Warners)—This film is another Annapolis production, brought to better than average levels through the captivating work of Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell.

The Clairvoyant—(Gaumont-British)—Claude Rains as Maximus, the seer, makes this film one of the best pictures yet to come across the Atlantic. Fay Wray in the rôle of his wife does a fine job.

Three Musketeers—(RKO)—Here's a new and slightly different interpretation of the famous classic by Alexandre Dumas. Walter Abel plays the rôle of d'Artagnan.

Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo—(20th Century)—Half the story is told in the title—but only half. And we won't reveal the rest. Ronald Colman handles the starring rôle magnificently. Joan Bennett appears as his love interest, and Monte Carlo provides the thrills.

Tumbling Tumbleweeds—(Mascot)—A western picture that deserves mention because of the cowboy songs and the nice work of the Sons of the Pioneers, one of the best hillbilly groups on the radio.

Ariane—(British International)—It's another triumph for Elisabeth Bergner. The story argues whether or not the man will marry the girl he once lived with. Bergner is good, so the film has to be.

Alice Adams—(RKO)—Katharine Hepburn steps forward again with another fine performance that should keep her tops with all her fans. Her vivaciousness is something of a marvel. Recommended.

Steamboat Round the Bend—(20th Century-Fox)—It's Will Rogers' last production, completed just before his fatal northern trip. If you want to keep a lasting memory of a lovable American character, by all means see this film.

The Crusades—(Paramount)—Cecil B. DeMille offers another spectacle, and it's among his very finest. You will enjoy the human characterizations provided by Henry Wilcoxon, Loretta Young and Alan Hale.



Ronald Colman and Joan Bennett team together in *The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo*

Diamond Jim—(Universal)—It's the life story of the famous Diamond Jim Brady. You will leave the theatre praising the amazing work of Edward Arnold. Binnie Barnes and Jean Arthur rate next honors. Heartily recommended.

Gay Deception—(20th Century)—Francis Lederer and Frances Dee head a formidable cast in a most entertaining picture recommended for audiences of all ages. Miss Dee performs outstandingly fine comedy.

Broadway Melody of 1936—(M-G-M)—Is one of the best all-around musicals yet to reach the screen. You'll rave over Eleanor Powell's dancing! Star cast.

Top Hat—(RKO)—Brings Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers up another notch in popularity. Good music and swell acting by everyone make this picture tops with everyone. Be sure and see it.

She Married Her Boss—(Columbia)—Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, Michael Bartlett and Edith Fellows contribute to a thoroughly entertaining film. They're all excellent. Little Edith is an eye-opener.


A Midsummer Night's Dream—(Warners)—This is the most different and undoubtedly the most beautiful film production you'll see in a long while. An all-star cast brings the real Shakespeare to you in understandable, human terms.

A GIRL YOU KNOW

might have been trapped by this new underworld terror!

Like the girl next door . . . or at your office . . . the Loretta of this story never dreams that crime will strike her . . . until one cruel night she is hurled into the machine-gun fury of a nation-wide manhunt . . . her loved ones threatened . . . her life endangered!

Frantically, these people struggle. And YOUR heart beats to THEIR horror, THEIR hopes...for suddenly you realize, "This can happen not only to a girl I know...THIS CAN HAPPEN TO ME!"



**SHOW THEM
NO MERCY!**

A
DARRYL F. ZANUCK

TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION

PRESENTED BY JOSEPH M. SCHENCK

with

ROCHELLE HUDSON

CESAR ROMERO • BRUCE CABOT

EDWARD NORRIS





EYE-WITNESS PHOTOS

by CHARLES RHODES



Gordon Westcott's last photo, taken at Paul Kelly's ranch by X. Martin-Smith just before Gordon's fatal polo accident. He's shown here with Mrs. Jack Grant



What a man Oakiel! Surrounded by beautiful women, he's still the same old Jack. Here he is with Binnie Barnes, the hostess; Sophie Tucker, honored guest; and Phyllis Brooks. Everybody's happy!



Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald apparently don't tire of each other on the studio set. I snapped this one of them at the Trocadero



Party-ing at Marion Davies' home recently were Paula Stone and Lyle Talbot



When Jackie Coogan threw his twenty-first birthday party, here's how he looked with Betty Grable, the girl friend. There is a cute story about her in this issue



Here's a Palm Springs sport I'll bet you haven't heard about! I snapped Dick Powell and Joan Blondell bowling on an autumn night at the desert resort



Marion Davies posed this one with George Brent and some friends at her recent party

Ruby KEELER TELLS ON

He's a carefree fellow in pictures, but far, far different in real life!

by RUBY KEELER



WORKING WITH Dick Powell in six pictures — from *42nd Street* of several years ago to *Shipmates Forever* — I couldn't help but come to know him very well—and to regard him as one of my best friends.

On the screen Dick seems to be carefree, irresponsible, and light-hearted—a collegiate sort of chap, most people would call him.

In real life he is nothing at all like that. He is naive, sincere, and really serious. Far from being light-hearted and careless, he actually gives deep consideration, to the point of worry, about his career and his future.

"What will happen to me if musical pictures lose their popularity?" he asks himself. "I'm not really an accomplished actor—I'm a singer. What might happen if I should lose my voice?"

I'll say for Dick that he is carefully providing against contingencies of this sort, and I think he deserves great credit for his foresightedness.

He has always admired the financial acumen of my husband, Al Jolson, and said to me a year or so ago, "If Al wouldn't mind, Ruby, and if it wouldn't be betraying a family secret—tell me what sort of bonds and securities he buys, so I can follow his example."

● I TOLD HIM it wasn't a secret; Al buys only government bonds and good preferred stocks after investigating them carefully. Now Dick does the same.

In view of his tremendous popularity (he gets more fan mail than any

other player on the Warner lot), you might think he'd be spoiled. But he isn't—not the least bit.

He does something, by the way, in regard to his fan mail, which I have never heard of another player doing. Whenever a letter interests him especially, or makes a suggestion that seems constructive, he not only sends his own photograph to the writer but writes back, "Let me have your photograph in return, won't you?" And he means that in all friendliness—and has a huge collection of pictures of boys and girls, men and women, whom he'll probably never see in real life.

He's as amiable as anyone I've ever known. He likes everyone and wants everyone to like him. He is chummy with prop-boys and juicers on the set as with his fellow-stars and the directors. He is simplicity itself.

● ON A SET the other day the players, between scenes, engaged in a goofy kind of game called "As you would be." We'd pick out a certain individual and then decide what he might have been if he weren't a movie actor. Dick, they agreed, would be "the best soda jerker in a middle western town of five thousand people!"

That seemed to everybody a pretty apt characterization. To a certain extent it is. Not that Dick is a "hick" in the ludicrous sense of the word. He's had plenty of metropolitan experience as a theatrical master of ceremonies and on his personal appearance tours. As the saying goes, he knows all the answers.

But he is a country boy—a small town boy—at heart. He comes, you know, from the hamlet of Mountain View, Arkansas, which has a population of 450! In his native state, he is affectionately known as "Arkansas' Public Citizen Number 1." He proudly calls himself a "razorback," which I understand is the Arkansas term for a backwoodsman or "hill-billy." Sometimes, around the lot, we call him by the latter nickname.

His most cherished possession is Automobile license No. 1 from Arkansas, which the governor sends him every year and which he carries on his car above his California license. He's happy as a kid about that license, and likes to point it out to new-made friends.

He's sentimental, you see—a trait I like—about his boyhood days and

They hit a new high in romantic interest! Here's Ruby and Dick in a scene from their latest success, *Shipmates Forever*

HOLLYWOOD

DICK POWELL

boyhood friends. With a number of these he keeps up a regular correspondence, and exchanges Christmas presents.

One day he brought a battered old cornet onto the set, and showed it to me. "This is what started me off on a musical career," he said. "When I was about ten or twelve, I envied every player in the Mountain View amateur band, and wanted to play something myself—it didn't matter what. The cornetist bought a new instrument, and offered to sell me this one for \$3. I ran errands, chopped wood, shoveled snow, and did all sorts of work for six months before I scraped together the three bucks. I never did get to play in the band. My family moved to Little Rock. Nowadays," he smiled, "they tell me that my cornet practicing got so much on the neighbors' nerves that we had to move. . . ."

● THEN HE PLAYED for me, on the old cornet, one of his numbers from *Broadway Gondolier*—the popular "Rose in her Hair."

Dick is generally happy, and indicates his happiness by singing. Most vocalists coddle and nurse their voices, using them only when required. But Dick is always carolling around the sets, and is only too glad to join such "barbershop harmonists" as Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, and Allen Jenkins—or any other studio trio that needs a fourth.

Dick has often been termed America's most eligible bachelor, and in a way, maybe he is. He has youth, good looks, a charming personality, plenty of money, and abundant prospects. Quite a catch for a girl!

And people often ask me, "What's the low-down about Dick's romantic affairs? Who is he going to marry? Mary Brian? Alice Faye? Mary Carlisle? You know Dick so well—tell us the inside dope!"

● FRIENDS, YOUR guess is as good as mine! Of course, Dick has gone out with those particular girls—but with others, too. From time to time



On and off screen together! Between shots Dick gets hungry and Ruby joins him at the counter



I've been "Mother" Keeler to him when he came to me with his problems involving this girl or that. Even though I'm quite a bit younger than Dick, he has often made a confidante of me—perhaps because I'm a "matron."

But well as I know him, I really haven't an idea whom he will marry. I don't believe he knows, himself. At all events, I feel rather sure that mat-

rimony is not in immediate prospect for him.

Right now he is too much engrossed in seeing to [Continued on page 57]



Foes of tradition are these shining stars! Above, from the left, Miriam Hopkins, Francis Lederer, Katharine Hepburn, Lee Tracy, Mae West. Below, Lupe Velez

Hollywood's MAGNIFICENT PAGANS

They snap their fingers at too-nice conventions, these filmland pagans! They keep Hollywood pulsing with life and laughter

by JERRY LANE

THEY FOLLOW red lightning! A whim—a quick desire—and they're off. No stifling fears for the future. No regrets for the past. It's only the NOW that counts. Ernst Lubitsch, that old maestro of human nature, calls them "the un-chained." "She is one of them, that Miriam Hopkins," he said to me one day. "She is the most mentally free person I have ever known."

And Miriam has fought for that freedom. She came from that group of people which, of all groups in the United States, is most tied by tradition and convention. The aristocratic poor

of the South. Until she was fifteen Miriam was dependent on rich relations for every dress she wore, for the food she ate. And then with all that flaming intensity of hers she rebelled—due chiefly to an article she had read by a girl who had been in much the same predicament she was. The girl, it seems, had decided to step out of the genteel stagnation. She made up her mind to become the most glamorous figure in New York. "By 'glamorous' she probably meant far more than I realized at the time," chuckled Miriam. "But I determined to be glamorous too. Little funny-face me! I wanted to be entirely on my own..."

Miriam started out in a way that must have shocked her family into a state of jitters. They had gone to New York, she and her mother and sister, so the sister could be entered in a private school. And Miriam found a job as a waitress! For three days she manipulated a tray. Then she did worse. She became a chorus girl... Unheard of, unthinkable, in the collective estimation of her elders. No girl of her status in Savannah, Georgia, had ever done such a thing before.

It was the first time the pagan in the little Hopkins had shown itself. It's never been out of sight since...

● YOU CAN'T predict a move she makes. You have a date to breakfast with her—which you arranged only the evening before—and when you arrive, presto! She's flown. At five that morning she awoke with an urge to spend the week-end in Florida. To think is to act with Miriam. 'Twas Napoleon who said that the people blessed with that ability were the makers of history. And how our Hopkins has made history!

She divorced her second husband so she could adopt a baby...

She donned a diver's suit and walked the floor of the Atlantic Ocean when she was warned the current was dangerous.

She said: "Of course I'm not beautiful—but I'm going to be a star!"

Which gives you some idea of the Hopkins' temperature. Austin Parker, that second husband, is as fond of the acquired child now as she is but it was his first refusal of adoption that prompted the [Continued on page 56]





A Day With SHIRLEY at Palm Springs

by
Charles
Rhodes

HOLLYWOOD'S
Cameraman



SOME girls just naturally attract people—especially in bathing suits. So when I heard Shirley was basking in the desert sunshine at Palm Springs, I drove over to the Desert Inn with my camera—and what a crowd I found!

But Shirley is a grand little scout, unspoiled by all such adulation. She greeted me with a friendly wave and didn't even start dodging when I brought out my candid camera. "I'd rather not pose, though," she suggested tentatively.

So I agreed to catch most of my pictures without posing her, and what a riot it was. Shirley grinned and went right on reading Popeye, or climbing ladders.





Over the Bumps with Beery

He ate Mulligan stew on the Hobo Trail, and followed his star to fame!

by SADA COWAN

WALLACE BEERY—"Wally" to his friends—has done just about everything, in the movies. He has roamed as explorer, beachcomber, sailor and soldier from one place to another and there is hardly a country on the map in which the scenes of his pictures have not been laid.

But here is the amazing thing: his life has been as colorful and exciting as the plots he has helped unfold!

"Yes, I've cooked a mulligan stew in a gasoline can, in the movies, and I've done it in real life," he said. "I've walked the ties of a movie-railroad and I've slept under movie culverts. But if you think I haven't done the same thing in real life, you're crazy!"

"Sometimes, when I play parts like that I forget where I am—forget I'm on a studio stage and it seems as if I were a kid again, walking the ties, as I did when I ran away from home."

"In pictures, sometimes I'm rich—sometimes I'm poor. Actually, I've made three fortunes and been broke so many times I've lost count."

"In my private life—" he broke off grinning—"if an actor can be said to HAVE any private life, I'm always planning trips. Trips I never get time to take. But I've traveled the world over on celluloid, from the Foreign Legion of Algiers, to the Friedrich-Strasse of Grand Hotel. Did you notice how I pronounced that word

Friedrich-Strasse? I tell you, you get culture in the movies."

He rose and started pacing, as he does most of the time when he is talking. For this two hundred pound six-footer is a dynamo of energy.

"What you were saying a few minutes ago," he commented, "is true. My own life DOES sort of parallel the parts I've played."

That may largely be due to the fact that his range of interest in things is wide. He is not one-sided.

● IN PICTURES HE plays the director of a bank—in real life he is the director of a bank. Recently at an attorney's convention he spoke at length, showing a surprising knowledge of the profession. He is a reserve officer in the U. S. Navy, in the flying corps. So you can see how apt the remark was, that his real self and his shadow self (a 200-pound shadow self is quite a shadow!) were more united than is usually the case.

"There isn't a whole lot can happen to me on the screen," Wallie was saying, "that hasn't happened on the stage of life! Pretty swell expression that—for me . . . eh? Except that on the screen I never get my girl. How could

an ugly old war horse like me? But in real life I got the finest girl in the world. I had an oculist look at Rita's eyes when she accepted me and said she didn't think I was a bit homely. Mind you, I'm not swearing that that is EXACTLY [Continued on page 58]



(Top) A remarkable candid camera study of Wallace Beery, caught by Rudolph H. Hoffman; above, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, a film of circus life, revived memories of Big Top days when Beery was an "elephant shepherd"

MY DAUGHTER

by Mrs. ROGERS

Ginger

You never read a stranger story than this!
Those early years were full of heartaches

As told to HARMONY HAYNES

IN ORDER THAT you may understand and appreciate just what I mean when I say "My Daughter, Ginger," I shall have to give you a picture of her advent into this world.

Ginger was not born into a home where, for months, the entire family had anxiously awaited her arrival. She was born in a tiny cottage at the outskirts of a small town and only a black cat and I knew she was coming.

When I was but little more than a child, I married Ginger's father, a man much older than I. A very sober and dignified gentleman of the South, whose family had been the sturdy pioneers of the State of Missouri. My first baby, a little daughter, had died at birth and left me with the feeling that I was being smothered under family pride and tradition.

One day when this feeling was at its height, I stood on the street corner. A bus, bearing the label, "Independence" passed by. To me it seemed to spell freedom, a chance to be myself instead of part of a family tradition. I took the bus.

When I arrived in Independence, only fifteen miles distant, I stepped from the bus to the town's one little street car and rode to the end of the line. There was a tiny white cottage with a garden in the rear. A sign on it said, "For rent. \$20.00 a month."

That night a dreadful storm came up. Over the howling of the wind, I heard the yowling of a stray cat. I opened the door and in walked a black cat who was to be my sole companion for many months to come.

● THE FOLLOWING day was bright and clear. I took that same little street car to the heart of the city and sought out the local newspaper and asked for a job. The kindly editor said it could be arranged. My salary was twelve dollars a week to start with. Not much—but enough, for food was cheap and my other wants amounted to very little.

In a few weeks I found that I was once more to become a mother. At first I was frightened and bewildered. I bowed my head before the greater force of nature and went on with my

This exclusive photo of Ginger and her mother, Mrs. Leila Rogers, was snapped during an off-moment on the RKO set where they were shooting "In Person"



Ginger and Lew Ayres at their wedding! It was a big assignment for Mrs. Rogers

work. Then fear changed to strength and I was very happy. Not only had I freedom and a good job but I had something to work for, something to hope for, something to plan for.

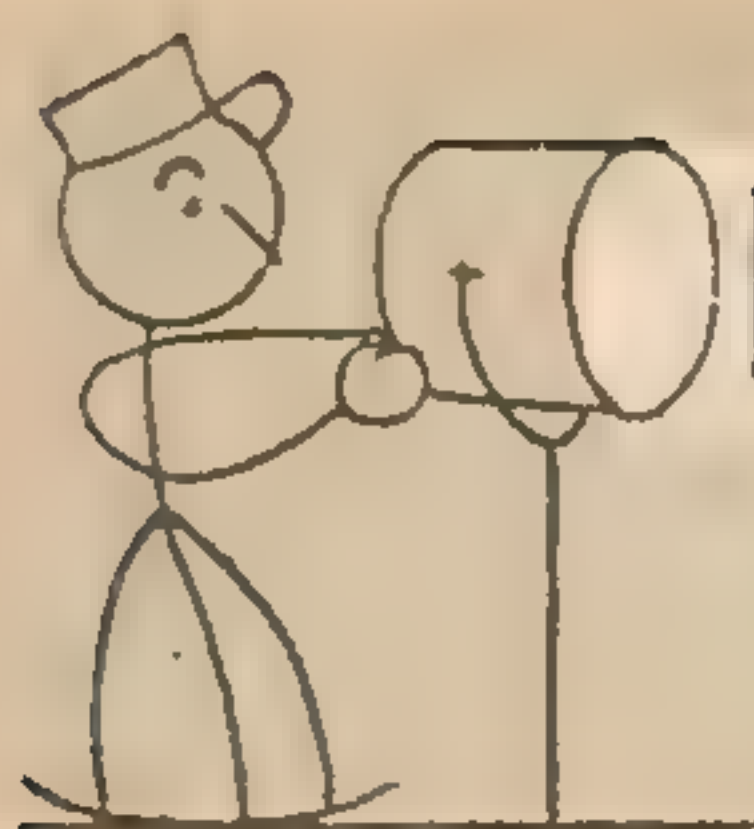
My work was interesting and there was plenty of it. I covered all the local events, wrote news, solicited advertising, and did everything else there was to do on a small-town paper. Everyone was kind to me and would have been only too happy to have made me one of them but friends expect confidences and a run-away wife could not indulge in such luxuries.

When the sun was bright I worked in the garden. When night came I wrote, read, sewed, cooked and planned for the future, for the time when kitty and I would not be alone.

● TWO MONTHS before Ginger was born, my paper sent me to Kansas City to cover [Continued on page 51]



Ginger's dancing training began years ago. That's why she was chosen to co-star with Fred Astaire in RKO pictures



HOLLYWOOD SPOTLIGHTS



Gladys Swarthout . . . her face burned from a kiss . . .

FOREIGN INVADERS HAVE Bette Davis on the run.

When Warner Brothers decided to film *Petrified Forest*, they couldn't decide whether to take a whole company to Arizona for desert scenes, or bring the desert to Hollywood. They finally reached a compromise. One company was sent to Arizona for atmospheric shots. The other remained at home for close-ups.

Bette Davis and Leslie Howard, the two principals, stayed at the studio, where an immense sound stage was turned into a veritable desert. With the big overhead lights on, it was impossible to tell where the desert "props" ended and the backdrop began. As a matter of fact, you could walk down a dusty "desert" road for almost a city block before you reached the end of Warner Brothers' private desert. It was so real that one woman fainted from the heat when the thermometer said only 76!

To make the scene effective, Warners imported many costly cactus plants and other desert flora from Arizona, and reconstructed one sweep of the desert in exact detail. And thereby lies our tale.

Bette was strolling across the desert. The cameras were grinding away and all went well. Suddenly from Bette came a surprised exclamation. And another. In a hurt sort of voice. She began running for the one hut on the whole private "desert" and dived in through the screen door.

Director Archie Mayo commenced looking for the cause of this sudden and uncalled-for interruption. He found the foreign invaders we were telling you about—thousands of flying ants that had come with the Arizona cacti. Production was suspended for twenty-four hours while Bette nursed her wounds and courageous men armed with insect sprays invaded the desert to rout the foe.

• •

Donald Woods Knows!

What's the most difficult period of adjustment for married couples?

A group of the stars were giving their estimates at a recent filmland party. Some said the first two years. Others held out for the fourth and fifth. But Donald Woods, who is very successfully married to a very grand little lady, brought the house down with laughter at his reply:

"The first seven years are the hardest," he said with pretended serious-

ness. "We've been married seven years and a day."

• •

Her First Kiss

We've got the truth from Gladys Swarthout about her first screen kiss—or, for that matter, her first stage or screen kiss.

It was during a love scene for *Rose of the Rancho* when John Boles took the famous brunette opera star in his arms and implanted a soulful kiss upon her lips.

The famous Miss Swarthout clung to Boles until the director called, "Cut!" and then sank into her chair with a sigh.

"That's my first professional kiss," she confessed, "and if you must know the truth, my face is burning! But with all due respects to Mr. Boles, I didn't feel thrilled. On the other hand, I don't think anyone can be kissed at any time and be completely cold about it. I'll be able to tell more about it the next time I have to do such a scene."

"Next time" undoubtedly will be in *Give Us This Night*, with Jan Kiepura co-starring. Meantime, you're going to find a new star in Miss Swarthout when you see *Rose of the Rancho*.

• •

Wally's New Mansion

The Beerys—Wallace, Rita and little Carol Ann—were motoring along Sunset Boulevard, en route from Hollywood to their home in Beverly one evening, when Carol Ann nudged the star, and pointed to a newly completed mansion, its white brick walls, rose-dotted front lawn and fenced-in rear yard with swimming pool and tennis courts illuminated with flood lights.

"Isn't it beautiful, Daddy," enthused Carol Ann, pointing. "My, but I'd like to live in a house like that!"

"Wouldn't we all!" added Mrs. Beery.

Wally had just been offered a radio contract calling for \$5,000 a week for twelve weeks. He had been turning the matter over in his mind, but up to that moment had reached no decision. Next morning, however, he breakfasted earlier than usual, and was off to inspect the manse that had struck the fancy of Carol Ann and Rita.

An hour later he signed the radio contract—and bought the house.



Harpo Talks!

THIS TOPSY-TURVY WORLD! Sometimes we think the Marx Brothers are the only sane inhabitants of this dizzily whirling globe. Harpo, the Silent, is sure of it.

The mad clown in the curly red wig long ago decided it was useless to try to talk sense to anyone. Twenty years ago he even gave up talking.

At last, however, he has decided to make one final Statement to the Press before going back into the great silence. Surprisingly enough, his voice does not creak with rust. His tongue waggles easily, wittily. This is the first thing he said:

"Here's how crazy things are—for almost twenty years I never said a word on the stage, so when times got tough in vaudeville I thought I ought to get by fine in the silent movies. Nobody would have me. Then when talkies came in, I clean up. It doesn't make sense!"

Harpo's alert brown eyes caught sight of a blonde waitress, and he twitched in his chair. How he conquered his impulse was a mystery, until we saw a plate of chopped cottage cheese slither into position before him. He likes food, too.

"There's no use trying to be sane," he continued abruptly. "Once while our act was playing in Pittsburgh I went to see a kid football game. Only I didn't get there. Instead I noticed they were playing *The Cocoanuts* in a cheap little movie house, so I went in. A big fellow sat down beside me. When it came to that part where I get sore at a telephone and start to

[Continued on page 44]



Harpo—the inevitable Harpo, preparing to make a lasting impression! His subject is Walter King, who sings in the film

A DIP AT PALM SPRINGS

« " « « «

Rosita Moreno



Br—r—r! Just a little chilly!



Isn't this far enough for the picture



It's much nicer looking on!



I Wonder What's Become of Sally?



Sally O'Neil . . . the eager twinkle became a sophisticated droop

TEN YEARS AGO, a great star and a great director quarrelled over a story. The director, in the heat of his short-lived Irish wrath, declared, "Why an extra girl could play the part."

The star, who never, never lost her temper, smiled in amusement and said, "Then why not let an extra girl play it."

Mary Pickford was the star, Marshall Neilan was the director, and the story was *Mike*. Mickey Neilan adored Mary and he certainly hadn't meant a word of what he had said. But Mary had called his foolish bluff and his little-boy spirit simply wouldn't take a dare.

It was a lucky break for some little girl—a little girl with the intelligence of a woman but with the appearance and soul of a child. Mickey looked over the field. Extra girls were plentiful—blondes, brunettes, red heads and naturals—all beautiful, all eager, all worthy but hardly the type to fit into a Mary Pickford rôle.

Then along came one who was dif-

ferent—a tiny, child-like creature with a heart shaped face, large blue eyes and a riot of cloudy, dark curls.

● MICKEY GRINNED AND called on all his saints to make her real—not to let her vanish before he could speak to her.

"Cameo-face" he called her until she told him she was Chotsie Noonan and boasted that she was "going on fifteen."

The test was perfect. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer consented to star her in Mickey's *Mike*. The Noonan family also agreed and the school board promised not to make too big a fuss provided Chotsie was supplied with a teacher on the set.

Chotsie was a cute name—it meant "little sweetheart" but it wouldn't look well on a marquee—so Sally O'Neil was born.

Mike was a success and Sally O'Neil was a star before she was fifteen years old. A star with a long term contract.

Then something happened. Marshall Neilan left Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and [Continued on page 60]

Shearing the Locks » » » » » » » » » » Donald Woods



Twelve weeks of work on *The Frisco Kid* meant ten inches of hair on Don's fair head. It looks bad!



"Take it easy," says Don as the barber prepares to eliminate a portion of his curly black locks



He's seen that fellow somewhere before—or has he? Donald looks just a little surprised into the mirror



The final brush-off! And no longer does he have the appearance of the fiery young editor in *Frisco Kid*

—Photos by Charles Rhodes



How to Make a Hit with Betty Grable

(Jackie Coogan Please Note)

NO MATTER How much you enjoy Betty Grable's work when you see her playing opposite Joe Penner in *Collegiate*, don't tell her about it . . . in the morning.

Betty doesn't like to hear things in the morning, even if they're good. In fact, she doesn't like anything at all in the morning. She hates being awakened, she despises getting up, the thought of breakfast is abhorrent to her, and people who telephone her before eleven give her the screaming jitters. But after she's had that dreaded breakfast, she immediately becomes the cheerful young lady who made such a hit in the *Gay Divorcée* when she did that knock-knee number with Edward Everett Horton.

And while we're on the subject of getting along with little blonde Betty, here are a few more pointers. If you have Betty to lunch, be sure to serve avocado. She dotes on them. But don't serve it on orange pottery. The color affects Betty unpleasantly. (Blue and white are her favorites).

Don't ask Betty to go airplane riding. Betty and her mother and her dog were caught in a storm once when they were flying over the Sierras, and came very near losing their lives. They did lose their taste for planes. Don't offer Betty a drink, because she doesn't care for liquor. However, a milk shake would go over big. If you're in a crowd with Betty, and suddenly find her missing, she hasn't been kidnaped. She's probably hiding because she's heard that someone plans to ask her to sing or dance.

Don't mind if Betty seems shy at first. She's always that way with people until she feels acquainted. Don't give Betty a cat for a pet. She doesn't like them. But if you know of a nice dog . . . well, that's a different story. And don't pronounce Grable as if you spelled it Grabble or Grobble.

● WE DISCOVERED ALL all this when we called on Betty and her mother at the Knickerbocker the other afternoon, and [Continued on page 60]



Everyone would be glad to follow the leader, with Betty leading the way!

Easy Lessons in Golf

« « « « « « «

Wheeler & Woolsey





Joe Penner is Goin' Ga-Ga Over Goo-Goo



Well, if it isn't Joe Penner—looking a trifle pained! Goo-Goo, the duck, will answer for this—perhaps with his neck

IT WAS JOE PENNER on the phone. He was talking very cordially and yet very grimly.

"Come on out to my house," he said. "We're going to have a duck dinner. And don't bother to bring the duck."

The way he hung up the phone sounded ominous. Visions arose of something dire and disastrous about to happen to Goo-Goo. You remember Goo-Goo—the duck that caused all the commotion in *College Rhythm*; the duck that helped Joe become a radio idol.

One couldn't help thinking of Goo-Goo. So we rushed right out to Joe's little palace, and sure enough, Goo-Goo was about to be panned. Fowl play, we called it, but it wasn't play for Goo-Goo.

"Come right in," Joe said in a most business-like tone of voice. "Come on out and watch the massacre. I have stood about enough nonsense from this doggone animal."

He had Goo-Goo under his arm.

There was down on Goo-Goo, as there is on most ducks. The difference was that Joe was down on ducks in general, and more particularly on this fellow who had been creating too much of a furore for anybody's nerves.

"Can you imagine," says Joe grimly, "this darned thing having the full run of the house? You find him everywhere. He sleeps on the bed. He swims in the fountain. He gabs out loud in the front room. For weeks he has had a finger in the pie. That fact gave me an idea. So tonight we have duck pie. Or roast duck. Or something. It will be very Goo-ey, if you get my meaning."

Goo-Goo had a most mournful look in his face. It was obvious that to him this was distasteful business, indeed. Duck soup of him scarcely could be duck soup to him.

● NEVERTHELESS, the march of doom began, and it led straight back through the hallway to the patio, where Joe kept an axe.

"This is the [Continued on page 61]



"Come-in," says Joe, "Jeeves, ditch this duck before I get a bit peeved"



"I thought I told him to get rid of the boid," Joe moans. It looks bad!



"I should have thought of this sooner," Joe Penner says. "It's duck soup for us"

—Photos by Charles Rhodes.

HOLLYWOOD

WOMEN HAVE HELPED ME *Says George Raft*

He measures his words coolly, but what he says about women carries a terrific wallop—this month's **COMMAND STORY**

by LEW GARVEY

IT ALL STARTED when someone misquoted George Raft. The story got out that George admitted he was not only afraid of women, but he also thoroughly mistrusted them. And other such things.

So I went to visit him at his exclusive apartment, and found him quite willing to talk about the subject. It was a funny sort of interview. Mack Gray, his close friend and constant companion was there. We didn't just simply start talking. We lolled around the place for a full half hour smoking and reading the newspapers.

Knowing this sleek-haired lad pretty well, and feeling a very genuine admiration for his attitude toward women, his utterly square, honest, "unsheiklike" dealings with them, his

almost old-fashioned respect for them, I didn't like to see him so quoted. If he had said anything of the sort, it was intended to counteract the "ladies' man" propaganda stressed in his earlier publicity, a "line" very distasteful to George.

"Let's go into this woman matter and get it straight," I proposed. "Perhaps you can put yourself before the fans in a reasonable light."

"That'd be a help," said George good-naturedly.

"I'll ask some questions, and you answer them honestly. Not any old gush about chivalry and respect for the fair sex, or any modernistic stuff about a woman's rights, but rather, just how much influence a woman—wife or sweetheart—has on her man's work in the world."

● GEORGE TOSSED his newspaper aside. "Shoot!" said he. "You can't get my goat." [Continued on page 48]

Our readers this month voted a story about George Raft. Here's one that hits straight to the heart!
W. K. Hawcutt
Publisher



George Raft and Joan Bennett make a popular romantic team on the screen. Here they are in a scene from Columbia's *She Couldn't Take It*. Center, Raft is shown with a cigaret lighter given him by the Prince of Wales. There is one actress that George Raft has idolized for many moons. He is frequently seen with Virginia Pine, left, in a romance that keeps Hollywood talking

NINO MARTINI - Answer to A Maiden's Prayer!

Here's a grand glimpse of the singing Romeo who has swept Hollywood and the whole nation

by KATHARINE HARTLEY



Nino and Astrid Allwyn... he sang love songs to her as they bounced along the highway in a speeding flivver



Snapped in a scene from *Here's to Romance*! The picture spelled international film fame for the already famous Nino Martini of the stage

FOR THE FIRST time in years a real Romeo has come to town. He is even slight, young and Italian, like the original Romeo. He is incorrigibly romantic... though he is too gay and too life-loving to ever die for love, à la Shakespeare. Just the same he has been known to sing under balconies, though of late he has shown preference for a hilltop, sitting in a car, singing to his fair one, with the radio turned on.

Nino Martini... the modern Romeo. He would have been a modern Romeo, I am sure, even if he hadn't been born in Verona, Italy, which is the town where the actual romance of Romeo and Juliet is supposed to have taken place. And if that isn't a romantic touch, then I don't know my romance! As a matter of fact, Nino's father was custodian of the historic tomb which is said to enshrine the remains of those famous lovers, immortalized by Shakespeare.

So the young Nino was brought up on Romeo and Juliet... he played in the near-by woods and gardens which are reputed to be the trysting place of those ill-fated lovers... and even before he was old enough to read, Nino had heard their sad story a hundred times. He had looked at their grave, and wondered how love could be so cruel. And he decided, then and there, that love would have no such sad end for him.

But his one love, "the love of his life" did come to a sad end, as I shall tell you later. At the moment, I want to introduce him to you as he is today... debonair, romantic, with a charm for all.

During his brief stay in Hollywood, during the making of *Here's to Romance*, he caused feminine hearts to thump so loudly that in some parts of the town, citizens swore they felt a mild earthquake. Of course that was absurd... it was only a heartquake. And after the citizens, especially the female ones, all got a look and a "listen" at Nino, they understood.

● THE FIRST quivers and vibrations were felt when Jesse L. Lasky, the producer, introduced his new star to the town at a swanky cocktail party given in his honor. So that you may fully appreciate the exuberance with which Nino Martini was greeted, I must first explain to you how perfectly the stage was set for him, and why Hollywood damsels recognized him at once as a romantic influence they had long been in need of.

All the leading men and the masculine stars who have shone so brightly in Hollywood of late, have been strictly one-woman men, or complete hermits. Henry Fonda, Bob Taylor, Fred MacMurray, for example, have been "going steady" with one girl since they arrived in Hollywood. Even the singing boys, Joe Morrison, Nelson Eddy, Michael Bartlett, Dick Powell, etc., have confined their romantic songs to their own living rooms, and are scarcely ever seen out in public.

Then there [Continued on page 46]

HOLLYWOOD

HARRY
CARR'S

SHOOTING SCRIPT

IT LOOKS LIKE a Winter of high temperament, if nothing else.

Fredric March, after working with the lady in *Anna Karenina*, says Garbo can't stand being looked at on the sets.

Simone Simon, the new French sensation, can't work unless seventeen varieties of perfume are spread out on a shelf to help her with her emotions. Who knows but what the new ordeal of Hollywood may increase her necessities to nineteen smells—or even more! Who knows? Hollywood does all kinds of queer things to people.

The gentleman who says he is Mae West's husband is coming out to Hollywood to have another look; and Mae says she will be glad to meet him. There sounds like a sarcastic implication in that.

When Color "Ain't"

Henry Hathaway, with *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* to his credit, says the way to make color pictures is not to have color.

Anyhow he has been looking at Rembrandt's *Old Lady Paring Her Nails*, Daubigny's *Evening*, Corot's *A Lane Through the Trees* and he finds that the boys confined their color in painting to grays and dull effects; so that is the way he is going at *Trail of the Lonesome Pine* which will be the first outdoor color picture.

Rouben Mamoulian, who made *Becky Sharp*, rushed at his job with a bucket full of scarlets and blues.



Simone Simon . . . seventeen varieties of perfume for her . . .



Marlene Dietrich . . she waited for closeups . . .

The Racing Actors

Whatever they are going to get in the way of high art for Hollywood will have to be soon and prompt; the races are coming. After that, the studios are just a darn nuisance.

Bing Crosby has a new horse named "Madam Attorney" which was given to him at Saratoga by Albert G. Vanderbilt. It may be all right but I don't bet my money on any horse that was given away for nothing by anybody to anybody.

Constance Bennett has disposed of Rattlebrain, her horse which required so many swear words for encouragement.

Clark Gable, Robert Z. Leonard, John Meehan, Leon Gordon, David Butler and a number of others will have horses on the track.

Marlene Tames Down

I saw Marlene Dietrich working on a set under the direction of Frank Borzage the other day. They both had an air of warily watching each other for the first blow.

Borzage is a fine director but as unemotional as a calm at sea. He just sits around and smokes a pipe; very depressing for a temperamental young lady star. When they emote, Frank just waits patiently for them to get through.

Reports are that Marlene was surprised when he did not take seventy

or eighty close-ups in her grand scene; he took one just to show he was interested.

Joan Tone

No doubt Joan Crawford kept denying it because she wanted to marry Franchot Tone without a mob present.

Tone is a fine young fellow and they ought to be able to fend off the dangers that always threaten marriages between professionals.

Joan is one of the most remarkable girls I have ever known. She has a deadly determination that could move mountains. For a long time she has been making up the deficiencies of her education by having university professors come to her house in relays pouring in erudition and learning.

That her marriage to Doug Fairbanks, Jr. did not pan out was no fault of hers. Doug was an immature boy with all kinds of sentimental and foolish notions. He threw away a rare and beautiful devotion. Few women have loved with such unselfish devotion.

Snob Stuff

That perennial old stand-by *Little Lord Fauntleroy* is to be given again on the screen.

It would be a task to find a more snobbish story than Mrs. Burnett's classic. But it's still a great favorite.



Buck Jones (center) still thrills kiddies from coast to coast. His admirers are counted in the millions. This rip-snorting scene depicts him with William Desmond (left) and Frank McGlynn, Sr., in a recent blood and thunder picture

Boom days are back for the Buckskin boys, with the old timers again reaping in big salaries. It's a tough field for newcomers and this tells you why

THERE'S ANOTHER BOOM on in Westerns these days in Hollywood. The boys from the Bar-U Ranch, the cowhands from the Flying C, and the outfit from Bitter Creek are sittin' pretty and ridin' high. Chaps are back on the Boulevard, and the hat check girl at the Trocadero is parking som-breros. Whoopee! EEEEE-EEE-YOW!

Hoot Gibson is with us after a ten months trip among his fans, Buck Jones has come into town from his ranch, Tom Mix has said good-bye to the big top, Ken Maynard has returned from piloting his plane over Inca ruins in Yucatan, George O'Brien is home from Europe. They're all rarin' to go. There has been a bad slump in Westerns for a couple of years and Hollywood shook its head and prophesied dismally that they were "through" for the steenth time since the days of Broncho Billy Anderson. But Westerns started this industry on its way and the last movie that is made in the

Year Two Thousand and Something probably will be a Western. Even in these lean years the foothills around Cahuenga Pass have been filled with quickie cowboys chasing indie Indians.

by
**DOROTHY
CALHOUN**

There's another boom on in horse opera these days. On the back lot at Universal they are furnishing up their Western village sets, in Culver City they are building corrals, location men are combing the Sierras for new scenery and the scenario writers are turning out stories about the Old Santa Fé or Lonely Valley or Dead Man's Gulch. The same plots, the same stars, even the horses are the same though Buck Jones' Silver is almost twenty-one years old, but there's one difference. They don't call them "Westerns" this year. RKO Studios were distinctly hurt when we spoke of Richard Dix's last picture so crudely. They were nice about it but they made haste to correct us. *The Arizonian*, they explained, [Continued on page 64]



Here's Johnny Mack Brown, who has been a popular cowboy ever since *Billy, The Kid*



Tom Mix is a real veteran. But he's still a top favorite with the kids

HOLLYWOOD

CHARLIE BUTTERWORTH

Sobs in His Beer

It was a dreadful mistake—he began talking to the young lady about how he hated to give interviews

by ELIZABETH BORTON



Beer started him talking about cauliflower and cheese and other awful things in life



We passed a little soda and beer place. "We might as well go in," Charlie said

little, in *Alice in Wonderland*, but there was no restlessness about him. A dead calm.

● "I HAVE JUST been following the postman," he confessed suddenly. "It's fatal with me. I see somebody and I just sort of follow him. After a while I somehow realize

that I am getting nowhere toward places I should be, and I start back. It's really fun to walk along beside postmen. You don't have to watch traffic. They're good about the lights. They hardly ever cross against them."

"Well, whatever in the world do you follow people for? Think whom you might pick out to trail? You might get your pocket picked."

"I have, once or twice. But once we went right into a barber shop. I didn't need a shave either. It was funny, getting the shave."

● HE LAUGHED, MIRTHLESSLY.

"Well, here we are," he continued, as we passed a little soda and beer place. "Might as well go in. I didn't think of asking you," he explained, waving his hands in wide, rather futile gestures. "It just seemed to come to me. 'Walk in,' the sign said, so here we are." He laughed, and sat down. "Have a beer?"

"I might as well." I began to feel the same way. Funny. A sort of drift-

with-the-tide feeling. It was peaceful. A little crazy, though.

I looked at him closely.

"I know who you are," I said. "You're Charles Butterworth!"

I put happy discovery into my voice, but he just look crushed.

"Go on," he said, "you didn't finish the speech. It goes, 'You're Charlie Butterworth, that nit-wit.'"

"Oh no," I protested faintly. "Oh no."

● OUR BEER CAME. With a fierce gesture, he drained his glass and sat there panting a little. "I'm trying to work up a rage," he said. He worked a little longer. It didn't come. He relaxed.

"I might have another."

"So might I."

"I ought to work up a rage some day about people who think I get paid for being myself in pictures. 'That woolly-brain,' they call me. I'm not a woolly-brain."

"Of course you're not! I think you're very gifted."

He deprecated in a dejected way. "I really can act, you know," he said, with a touch of bitterness. "It's just because I hate to make decisions of any kind that the idea gets around that I'm Him."

"Him?"

"That Butterworth in the pictures. You know, my wife tells me I ought to go out in public and see people, and let interviewers talk to me. Then they'd know I was different. But it seems like such

[Continued on page 63]

HE WAS A SLIGHT man, wearing an unobtrusive gray suit, and a tan which looked as if by rights he should have been pale and the glow was just an exhibition of contrariness. He stopped, put up one finger in a vague exhibition of a compelling gesture, and asked feebly, "Were you looking for me?"

He had a hollow sort of voice, sad and dreary and utterly without human passion. A strained voice—like the water you drain off cooked rice. A longish, sad face with a dejected mouth and empty, resigned eyes.

"Yes," I said with an uncertain smile, "I'm sure I met you somewhere, and I just had to talk with you."

I had been staring at him in the manner of a person who is trying hard to place the object of her attentions. He was very nice. When I decided that I had known this meek fellow somewhere before, he almost apologized in giving me a chance to find out.

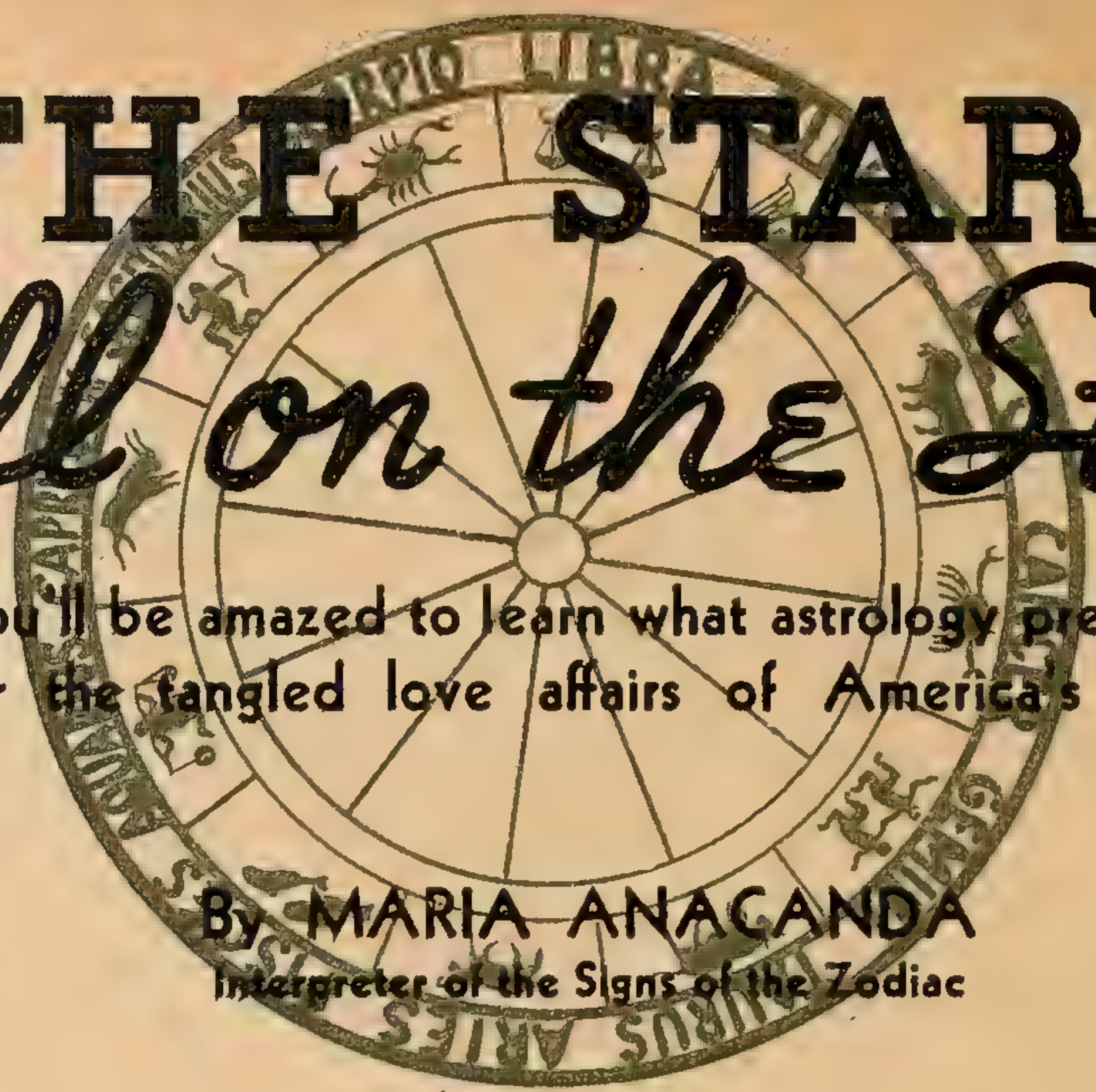
We were walking beside each other. He reminded me of the Mad Hatter a



THE STARS *Tell on the Stars*

You'll be amazed to learn what astrology presages for the tangled love affairs of America's idols

By MARIA ANACANDA
Interpreter of the Signs of the Zodiac



IF YOU WANT ideal friendships, ideal love, look to your stars!

Naturally I mean the heavenly stars—what we call the “signs of the zodiac.” You can read much of your own life message in what I’m going to say about the Hollywood stars. Find the particular sign you were born under and see how the ensuing descriptions apply to yourself.

The question I’ve been asked most frequently of late is about the marriage of Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone. According to their stars, how are they suited to each other?

To begin with, Joan comes under two signs instead of one. Officially she is an *Aries* person, her birthday being March 23. But since she was born during the first six days of that sign she also belongs to the one preceding it—which is *Pisces*. Now what complicates matters is the fact that Mr. Tone is a

member of the *Pisces* House too; birth date, February 27.

Can two people who are driven by moods, who have somber depths in their nature that make them hard to understand, find happiness together? I think so and I’ll tell you why. The beacon light of their marriage, the safety zone so to speak, is going to be their absolute genius for encouraging each other. *Pisces* people have that ability. They also require it from others because they lose faith in themselves so easily. Franchot, of course, is born under the full strength of the sign—which means that he moves as silently and swiftly as deep water.

Many dark days are made bearable to him by his high type of mind. For they’re inclined to brood, these *Pisces* folk. The very whimsical attitude they take towards life is shadowed by it. I won’t deny a [Continued on page 62]

WHEN WERE YOU BORN?

- CAPRICORN, the sign of logic. For those born between December 21 and January 20.
- AQUARIUS, the sign of idealism. For those born between January 20 and February 19.
- PISCES, the sign of intuition. For those born between February 19 and March 20.
- ARIES, the sign of leadership. For those born between March 21 and April 19.
- TAURUS, the sign of determination. For those born between April 19 and May 20.
- GEMINI, the sign of versatility. For those born between May 20 and June 21.
- CANCER, the sign of diplomacy. For those born between June 21 and July 22.
- LEO, the sign of accomplishment. For those born between July 22 and August 22.
- VIRGO, the sign of observation. For those born between August 22 and September 23.
- LIBRA, the sign of justice. For those born between September 23 and October 23.
- SCORPIO, the sign of ability. For those born between October 23 and November 22.
- SAGITTARIUS, the sign of aspiration. For those born between November 22 and December 21.

What lies ahead for lovely Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone (top) film-land's newest newlyweds? Madame Anacanda traces the loves of this couple, and many others including Carole Lombard, (center) and Claudette Colbert

I HAD A CRUSH on Gene Raymond

An Anonymous
True Confession

Here's an amazing story by one who has
watched Gene rise to dizzy heights

DANIEL WEBSTER and the Thesaurus of Slang agree upon the definition of a crush. "Completely overcome. Totally subdued. A mash!" All of which perfectly described my reaction three years ago when, as a staff writer for a Hollywood fan magazine, I received the first studio still of Gene Raymond across my desk. Hm-m-m handsome, I thought. Different. Not the usual camera grin. Firm mouth. Broad shoulders. Clean-cut. Laughter only in his eyes. But magazine interviewers aren't supposed to think of a guy that way—personally, like that. So I placed him carefully in the file of out-going pictures. All that day up until mailing time he had a way of bobbing up at the top of the heap. There was something about the guy, all right. The following day I begged my editor for an assignment.

Today Gene Raymond is still bobbing up at the top of the Hollywood heap—booming would be more like it! And it's pleasant to know that in the years since, during which I have come to know him as a friend, my first impressions were right—and lasting ones! The constant friction with fame's buffer hasn't over-polished his ego. His eyes still laugh—at things more often than with them. The same sense of humour—the kind with a swinging door. He can take it as well as hand it out. His viewpoints continue to be refreshing because he continues to think for himself. His ideals have remained intact, thank heaven—even strengthened as they've been tested.

● To ME, THERE'S something very satisfying in having correctly judged that picture on my desk. Yet to sit down and attempt to analyze Gene Raymond, try to tell why I like him—or as I've admitted, have a crush on him—is difficult. Because he hasn't conformed to any mold save that set by his own intelligent understanding and knowledge. Because his appeal isn't based upon the usual standards of attraction or popularity.

In the first place he doesn't give a hoot about either. He is what he is, and true to that self. What people don't like about him he can't help.

Really a lone wolf at heart, he's not interested. But what woman will say this complete independence is not attractive? Three of Hollywood's more glamorous ladies have confidentially expressed their opinions that it is—but very! I doubt even if Gene would be interested in knowing this, though he'd be glad they *liked* him.

Actually his is the devastating charm of a little boy whose hands are stuffed into his pockets, whose mouth is black with jam, and whose eyes simply wither you with their innocence. He is an unmerciful tease, an irrepressible prankster. He has the carefree, worryless, vigor of youth—with youth's confidence and courage to face any issue. His is a complete capacity to enjoy living. I have never seen a man get as genuine a bang out of the little [Continued on page 49]

Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald, snapped in the above photo at a film-land preview, are fast friends. Below, Gene with two of his favorite pets



ARE MOVIE

PEOPLE *Crazy?*

They do the goofiest things in Hollywood! But that's just to be expected in the movies!

by JOHN WINBURN

But when Robert Montgomery and Chester Morris, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, to all appearances the essence of sane conservatism, known as devoted husbands and exemplary fathers, suddenly are discovered in paint and wigs leading the clown parade at a recent exhibition of the greatest show on earth, it's time to investigate. Are movie people crazy?

I asked Bob Montgomery about it the other day.

"Chester is quite daft," Bob said cheerfully. "Possibly that's why he is my best friend. Corroborating details? I have enough to convict him hands down."

● THE PHONE TINKLED an interruption in his pine-panelled dressing room, in the famed Bachelor Hall at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer which houses their male stars. Bob lifted the receiver, and spoke these strange words:

"Hal-lo? Mist' Montgomery, he's busy by the stage yet."

Bob hung up with a satisfied grin, remarking: "Why be an actor, if you can't put it to practical account? And now for the evidence against Chester:

"When I decided to give up my polo ponies, which were eating me out of house and home, I gave one to Leslie Howard and another to Chester Morris. I could see that Chester was inclined to [Continued on page 46]

Two exponents of nonsense: Robert Montgomery and Chester Morris. They're old pals



Plotting something again! Bob Montgomery and Joan Crawford prepare a little gag

IT'S ALL in the point of view, of course, but to the world beyond the borders of Filmania, our inhabitants must appear at times to be slightly insane.

Where else could a beautiful woman sit down to dine in perfect amity with three ex-husbands? And what would Keokuk, for instance, think of its leading matrons if they proudly published months in advance their antici-

pations of a blessed event? How would a bevy of New York bankers react if the distinguished Japanese "count" they were entertaining, were disclosed as a house boy put up to the trick by one of the firm?



SHIRLEY SCORES

A Bull's-eye

Cast as the Littlest Rebel of the Civil War,
Shirley is set for another smash hit!

by MARIAN RHEA



Sensing the calamity that befell America in the 60's, Shirley plays a tear-jerking rôle with John Boles with consummate ease



Gay friend and consoling companion, Bill Robinson goes hand-in-hand through *The Littlest Rebel* with Shirley. It's great stuff!

PING! A grim-visaged gentleman on horseback, wearing the uniform of a colonel in the Union Army, turns a scowling glance in the direction whence came the pebble that hit him right smartly in the back of the neck.

Ping! A miss that time, but uncomfortably close. Someone is too confidently handy with a sling-shot. The colonel reins in his horse. Turns and glares down at a young person in hoop skirts and pantaloons, about six years old and curly-headed, whose round countenance is as haughty and displeased as his own.

"Who did that?" roars the colonel.

"I did!" The pantalooned one's tone is fierce. She brandishes her sling shot defiantly.

"I don't like Yankees!"

"I see. You're a little rebel, then?"

"I'm not! I'm a Confederate! And I'm not afraid of YOU!"

A smile struggles with the sternness of the colonel's leathery countenance. "I'm glad of that. I shouldn't like to have a nice little girl like you afraid of me," he tells the sling-shot expert.

"Humph!"

"Okay! Cut!" yells Director Dave Butler on *The Littlest Rebel* set at Twentieth Century-Fox. Jack Holt (in the blue uniform) and Miss Shirley Temple (in the pantaloons and hoops) smile at each other.

"I didn't really mean I didn't like you," Shirley informs Jack.

"I know that," he assures her.

● HE DISMOUNTS AND swings her up on his shoulder. They move off to an umbrella-shaded table where Mrs.

Temple is waiting. The prop men arrange the stage for another shot. . . .

It was hot that day on *The Littlest Rebel* set. Late autumn, but hot. Mrs. Temple wanted Shirley to sit quietly and rest after the just completed scene—"see, like Jack is doing. . . ." She indicated "Colonel Holt" stretched out comfortably in a folding chair.

But Shirley had other ideas. "I got to do my 'rithmetic," she informed her mother. "I'm studying take-away now an' it's very interesting."

Importantly, she sat down at the table and occupied herself with such intricate problems as 4 minus 2 leaves 2, 6 minus 3 leaves 3 and 7 minus 4 leaves 3. She had mastered several laboriously and also audibly when a diversion occurred. Bill Robinson, also in the cast, attired in habiliments indicative of what the poor but honorable colored gentleman wore in the days of '61, began operations with Shirley's slingshot. His target was the big lettering—

[Continued on page 65]



THE CHARM'S GONE from *My Charmed Life*

by CHARLES BICKFORD



Stars
Own
Stories

When Charles Bickford, on the right, got acquainted with this little lion cub, he thought of the beast as an over-grown cat. But when he met Tarzan in a "fake" combat, something went wrong. Photo shows Tarzan just before he nearly killed Bickford

AFTER RUBBING ELBOWS with Death so many times in my career that I've actually lost count, I had thoroughly convinced myself that mine was a "charmed" life . . . that I was a super-man pedestaled high above Harm's reach. But no more!

I've just been afforded an opportunity to peer into my own grave, and I don't care for what I saw there!

You see, familiarity, as a sage warned long ago, breeds contempt. That had become my attitude toward Death. Believe me, it was the wrong thing to think.

I have led a varied and scarcely conventional sort of life. My first brushes with death were as a hobo. Many times when I was riding the rods on a freight train I came within an ace of falling to my death. I can still remember the first time—a sharp curve, desperate clutching fingers, and the terrible moment when I nearly lost my grip.

Twice on trans-continental tours via the brakebeams of freight cars, I watched helplessly as fellow hoboes slipped from their "berths," only to be ground to death beneath steel wheels.

I can recall another time when I was in Butte, Montana. In those days it was still a frontier town, gay, wild, and as colorful a place as a man could ever hope to see. I was in a gambling room that was teeming with life. All around me were [Continued on page 44]

Charles Bickford, virile, he-man of the silversheet, has returned from a rendezvous with Death, bringing with him a story so packed with sheer, hair-raising drama that it tops any tale ever developed in the imagination of Hollywood's so-called *Frankenstein* scenarists.

Pounced upon by a 400-pound "killer" lion that sank its long fangs into the back of his neck, barely missing his jugular vein and carotid artery, the actor's life was saved only through feats of surgery seldom, if ever before, attempted on a human.

Bickford, who in his adventure-crammed years, has jostled with the Reaper so many times that he had forgotten the meaning of the word "fear," shudders as he talks of this all-too-near tragedy.

"Mine is a charmed existence!" he has frequently said.

But the red-headed, six-footer who roamed the far corners of the globe, hunted big game, beat down mutinous crews, and won citations for extreme bravery under fire in the World War, has revised his viewpoint. And little wonder! You'll find out why in this article!

MY PAL *Glenda*

by Joan Blondell



(Above) Castles and kings are pawns in the hands of these two menacing blondes. Joan, on the left, looks foiled, Glenda holds the upper hand. In circle, a recent portrait of Joan Blondell

NO ONE WOULD be able to enjoy a case of the blues with Glenda around. She would start to console you and before you realized it you'd be laughing and it wouldn't be because Glenda had made an effort to amuse you. She just can't help but be funny.

That is one of the many reasons why she is so delightful to work with. Never a dull moment. She is a comedienne by accident rather than design for no matter how serious she takes her work before the camera, the finished product plays havoc with your funny bone.

Working with Glenda is splendid for me but hardly fair to her. You see, I am starred which means that I have the love interest and also share the comedy with her. In most pictures where two girls work together, one plays the sweet ingénue and the other

the comédienne or villainess and in that way one does not take from the other.

Glenda and I do the same type of rôle which means that she must share her honors with me. With most girls such a state of affairs just wouldn't work, they would want their honors all to themselves. Not so with Glenda. In fact, she goes to the other extreme to build me up in my comedy.

● **GLEND**A IS, at all times, very natural. She isn't one bit camera-conscious. Doesn't know a good angle from a bad one and works just as hard with her back to the camera as facing it. Her movements are always quick, her speech spontaneous. When she goes into a scene she never follows the script to the sacrifice of her natural-

ness. She acts just as she would if the same situation arose in her every-day-life. In other words, she suits the part to her personality instead of trying to suit her personality to the script.

She handles dialogue the same way and never tries to twist her tongue around expressions foreign to her own way of speaking. Before we go into a scene, we go over our lines together and revise them, without changing their meaning, until they fit our mouths. [Continued on page 48]

Stars
Own
Stories

MARIAN MARSH SHOPS ON A BUDGET

With rare taste and clever planning, this attractive player shows how to stretch \$75 over an entire season's wardrobe

by MARIAN RHEA

HOW MARIAN MARSH USED HER \$75.00 BUDGET

Hat.....	\$5.00
Slippers.....	5.85
Purse.....	2.00
Gloves.....	1.95
Brown jersey material.....	3.90
Trimmings.....	1.25
Pattern.....	.25
Olive green crepe.....	5.25
Trimmings.....	2.20
Pattern.....	.25
Sweater.....	7.95
Skirt.....	4.95
Leather jacket.....	7.95
Oxfords.....	5.50
Evening dress.....	19.75
Sandals dyed.....	1.00
Totals.....	\$75.00

SHOPPING ON A BUDGET . . . three dresses, two pairs of shoes; a skirt, sweater and leather jacket; hat, gloves and purse, all for—

Seventy-five dollars!

It is Marian Marsh, blonde and so decorative that you wouldn't expect her to have a business head, who shows you how this can be done—how, with a little careful planning, a little judicious matching of accessories, you can make your money provide you a wardrobe that will cover the season's needs. Of course, seventy-five dollars is not a small sum of money. But when you figure it will provide a wardrobe good for six months, that is only \$12.50 a month, after all.

Marian didn't just theorize about assembling all of these clothes for \$75. She didn't just say: "It can be done." She put on her hat and coat and went down to the Broadway-Hollywood on Hollywood Boulevard and gave a first hand demonstration!

Her first move was a strange one for a girl out shopping, I thought, but I soon saw the wis-

1646

1645

Lovely Marian Marsh, Columbia featured player in *Crime and Punishment*, shows how you can have two chic and pretty frocks for less than \$14. Just order Screen Star Pattern No. 1646 and make yourself a brown jersey dress adorned with beige and brown buttons and colored yarn posies, such as Marian wears, above, and Screen Star Pattern No. 1645, pictured right, which makes it possible for you to have a tassel-trimmed, frock with novel detachable peplum

dom of it. Instead of selecting dresses first and accessories later, she first selected hat, slippers, gloves and bag—all matching nicely—and dresses later.

● **THE HAT** WAS a smart semi-beret type in brown felt, the kind that looks well with any kind of spectator sports or street dress. Her slippers were brown kid pumps and her gloves and bag brown, too.

Then, while I looked on a little puzzled over this putting-the-cart-before-the-horse shopping procedure, she explained.

"In planning an extensive wardrobe on a limited budget. I should buy material and make some of my dresses," she said. "Styles for street and sports things are not only very good looking but simple, these days, and can be made easily. That is the reason I select accessories that I like, first. Then I can look over the lovely materials that the stores have these days and select a variety that will look well with one set of accessories."

In this case, Marian suggested buying materials for two dresses, both of which would go well with her brown hat, shoes, gloves and bag—brown jersey for street, football games and such occasions, and olive green crêpe for luncheon, bridge, or any occasion when formal clothes are not in demand.

Marian is pictured on these pages in dresses such as she had in mind that day she "went shopping on a budget," and there is a screen star pattern for each, also, so that you may have dresses like them if you wish.

Material for the brown jersey she found would cost only \$5.15, including buttons and fetching little yarn posies for trimming, and the entire cost of the olive green crêpe frock would be only \$7.45, she learned upon looking over materials and trimmings. Patterns for these dresses are only twenty-five cents each, and come in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years and 36, 38 and 40-inches bust.

● **MARIAN** TURNED next to consideration of clothes which it would be more advisable to get ready made.

"Every girl, especially if she happens to be going to school, needs a sweater, a skirt and some sort of jacket to go with them," she said. Whereupon, we went downstairs into the attractive sports shop at Broadway Hollywood and found exactly what she was looking for.

Again departing from the usual routine of shopping, she selected her sweater first instead of her skirt, since, she said, the sweater is the distinctive part of such an outfit. We looked over a fascinating variety and she finally chose a lovely turtle-necked angora one in soft yellow, flecked with brown silk stitchings. Skirt, of course, had to be brown, also shoes, and to add the last touch of smartness, she chose a rust-colored leather jacket.

"Such an outfit," she said, enthusiastically, "will last a long time. Sports

things like these are always in fashion. That," she added, "is the reason I think it pays to buy good things. They hold their shape better and look well until they literally wear out." At that, the whole ensemble, including good looking sports oxfords, only cost \$26.35.

An evening dress—one that would do for holiday festivities and still would be suitable for early spring parties and dances—was Marian's last consideration. We went upstairs again and looked over a very imposing array before she found exactly what she wanted. Her final choice was lovely, though—a gown that would do for formal dinner and for dancing, too. The material was heavy royal blue crinkle satin, with roses of Dubonnet velvet achieving a striking effect in color contrast. It was designed along Grecian lines with high, simple neckline in front and low cut back. Shirring above the waistline and a rope of the silk as a girdle added new and interesting fashion touches. The price tag said \$19.75.

As Marian completed her purchases, she got out her pencil and paper to add up the total expenditures. They amounted to exactly \$74.

She smiled with satisfaction.

"That leaves a dollar over the budget of \$75 that I wanted to see if I could follow, and do you know what I am going to do with it? I am going to have

my last summer's satin sandals—they were pink but they are soiled, now—dyed Dubonnet to go with my evening dress!"

Which is final proof that Marian is not only attractive but clever as well!

She denies this, however, saying modestly that budgeting one's clothes allowance is all a matter of fitting in things which have been left over from the past season, and planning new out-



For either on or off the campus, Marian suggests a yellow sweater, brown skirt and russet leather jacket outfit, such as she wears above. She found it at the Broadway-Hollywood



Here is Marian Marsh pictured in royal blue crinkle crêpe evening gown also included in her budget. It's trimmed with Dubonnet velvet roses. From the Broadway-Hollywood

fits so that accessories, coats and so on may be used for several.

"It is a very wealthy girl who can afford to buy an entire new outfit complete—hat, shoes, gloves, purse, clips or other costume jewelry—without regard for other things in her wardrobe," she said.

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Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Harpo Talks

(Continued from page twenty-seven)

eat it, this stranger turns to me and says: "Why, that guy is nuts!"

"All through the show we talked on how nutty that Harpo was. Yet this man had paid to see me. So who's the nuttier?"

Harpo addressed himself to a strange Russian concoction of sour cream. But he kept one eye peeled for that blonde.

"You might as well make the best of life," he philosophized, "and do what you feel like doing."

The words suddenly seemed the most sensible utterance we have ever heard.

● COME TO THINK of it, isn't he doing the very things all of us would like to do—and don't dare? At a banquet table he suddenly makes hideous faces and leaves the speaker flabbergasted. Take a look at him in *A Night at the Opera*. When your sides have quit hurting, and the laughter-ache in your jaws subside, give this a thought—wouldn't it be fun to turn an opera into a madhouse, as the Marx brothers do?

"The minute the idea for that picture was suggested, we grabbed it," Harpo said. "It was a natural. I don't know what was funniest, but the whole idea was a riot. That is, if you like low comedy. You either like us, or hate us, you know. As I was saying, the scheme of upsetting the dignity of an opera appealed to us. Not that we dislike operas. We all love music. But the hoity-toity part of grand opera was just spoiling for us to take a crack at."

That desire to trip a dowager is either in your blood, or it isn't, as Harpo hints. Those who adore the Marx brothers are fanatics on the subject. We happen to be one. To be barbarian with a low sense of humor, the spectacle of Harpo slipping through the orchestra and inserting the wrong music is almost too delectable to bear. And when the orchestra flips the pages and goes into "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," the fun becomes almost too much for endurance.

● SUCH AS THE time he and Alexander Woollcott were riding up Broadway with a friend. It was a cold wintry night, and the windows in the taxi were shaded with frost.

Within, all was warm and cozy, heated with the entrancing arguments of the witty Woollcott. In sooth, Harpo hated to leave, and when the taxi finally reached his apartment it was a reluctant Marx brother who got out into the cold.

He turned to the driver when that worthy crept forth to shut the taxi door. "Take them to the Webber theatre in Brooklyn," Harpo instructed. The taxi turned around and disappeared into the bitter night while Harpo gazed after it for a moment, leering.

Two hours later a call came through from somewhere in Brooklyn. Woollcott was rousing Harpo from his warm couch. "You low comic!" grated Woollcott. "We didn't notice where we were until we were crossing Brooklyn bridge!"

Harpo is one of the few—perhaps the only one—who can play jokes on the literary peer of New York and get away with it. Alexander Woollcott is Royalty in the realm of *belles lettres*, and as such is entitled to homage and dignified respect, but he gets none of it from his friend Harpo.

There is an odd combination.

A man of letters consorting with a completely unlettered low comic . . . it is the sort of strange contrast that delights the imagination. Their friendship began a long time ago.

"When we used to play the vaudeville circuits in such slapstick stuff as *Fun in High Skule*," says Harpo, "the drama critics never noticed us. For years and years we were too far beneath the notice of those fellows to rate a line. After the War we hit Broadway with *I'll Say She Is!* and hoped for the best.

"Of course we were anxious to see what the critics had to say. I went out on Long Island after the show, so in the morning Groucho called me up to read what the papers thought of us. There was one review by Alexander Woollcott that bowled us over. He went into raves. Said that: 'The Marx Brothers have come to town, and there should be dancing in the streets.'

"We were astounded at this lucky break—the dean of the literati giving us a hand! Not only that, but Woollcott came back stage just to meet us.

"He and I hit it off well. He invited me to these famous Algonquin Hotel round table talks where all the writers and drama critics gathered. Funny, but my insanities never make him mad—that is, not for long. There was the time he dropped back stage to my dressing room for a chat after the show. Alex always wore big brimmed, floppy hats, and that gave me an idea. When he was ready to go I shoved a hat on his head and he went out. It was a Napoleon hat, a low comic's idea of a Napoleon hat, anyway, and it fit him to a T. He thought he had his own hat on.

"Out he went, and up Broadway he strolled, and as he was probably thinking about something he didn't notice that people were turning to stare and laugh. When he finally became alarmed and inspected himself, there was that crazy hat on his head. What a bawling out I got for that trick!"

Oddly enough, Alice Duer Miller, the noted novelist, is one of the few people who take him seriously. She is beautiful, of dignified poise, and if their lady stooge, Margaret Dumont should ever grow weary of being the butt of their picture gags, Alice wants the job. Seriously. She thinks it would be fun.

"She doesn't know the half of it," grins Harpo. "Poor Margaret. I'll never forget the time she made her first appearance with us. She didn't get any cue to come on the stage, because none of us remember to give cues. We're too busy having fun ad lib. Finally, though, she swept onto the stage, realizing that she had to come on some time.

"Groucho saw her. He led her to a davenport in his best manner. Then he said: 'Won't you—ah—lie down?' Poor Margaret—you should have seen her face!"

Harpo was removing the last of the cottage cheese from his plate.

"What are you going to do next?" we asked.

But we were addressing the empty air. In the distance we caught a glimpse of Harpo, moving swiftly through the crowd. Only three paces beyond him was a blonde head, so we knew the interview was over.

—JACK SMALLEY

The Charm Is Gone

(Continued from page forty)

remnants of the old west—men who fought for their own existence and lived with the excitement of a hardy life pulsing through their veins.

● I NEVER knew what happened. It was all too sudden. There was a loud uproar, and a rather notorious "bad man" took aim at my head. I didn't have time to dodge or kick the table over. His six-gun went off with a blinding flash and I literally felt the messenger of Death whiz past my head. I wondered why he didn't shoot again. As I leaped to my feet I felt a strained silence and instinctively I knew it was all over. The bullet had killed a man directly behind me at the next table!

I was in the United States Navy in 1908 when Teddy Roosevelt sent it on a trip around the world. On that tour I had another fleeting vision of Death, but again I seemed to be living a charmed life.

My buddy walked into the battleship's stokehold to relieve me. We talked for a minute as I wiped the perspiration from my face. I left him there, grinning a goodbye at me. It was the last time he was ever to smile again! I had scarcely left the spot when there was a terrific explosion that rocked the ship. I rushed back to find him dead, killed by a bursting boilerhead.

Then came a sojourn amid the carnage that was the Western Front. Plenty of chances to meet Death. Enough escapes to make any man careless!

● BUT NEVER again will I scoff at Death. Nor will I go out of my way to invite free passage into Eternity. In the future call me a "sissified" actor if you will. Here's why.

Attired as a shipwrecked sailor, I strolled onto a sound stage out at Universal, and paused to consider the setting—a section of an island lying somewhere *East of Java*, covered with weird trees, matted with undergrowth and inhabited only by man-eating beasts. As I lingered there, George Melford, the director, came over and asked if I was ready with my lines.

I took up my position, and stretched out on the ground. The "tame" lion was instructed to do his stuff.

I was lying face downward, but I was watching Tarzan out of the corner of my eye. As he came toward me, I saw that hairy face of his take on the mask of the killer. It was too late then. He pounced. His long, sharp fangs sank into my neck.

I hope no one else ever has to endure the agony that was mine right then!

I was done for. Of that, I was positive. Yet I still was partially conscious, for I could envision the actors, technicians and others grouped about the sidelines. They were frozen. Then my dimming brain caught a noise—a voice—faint, yes, but a voice!

Tarzan must have heard it, too, for he suddenly released his hold on me, and scampered out of sight. I mustered the last ounce of my strength, raised myself to one knee, and lifted a hand to the back of my neck. It was torn—shredded.

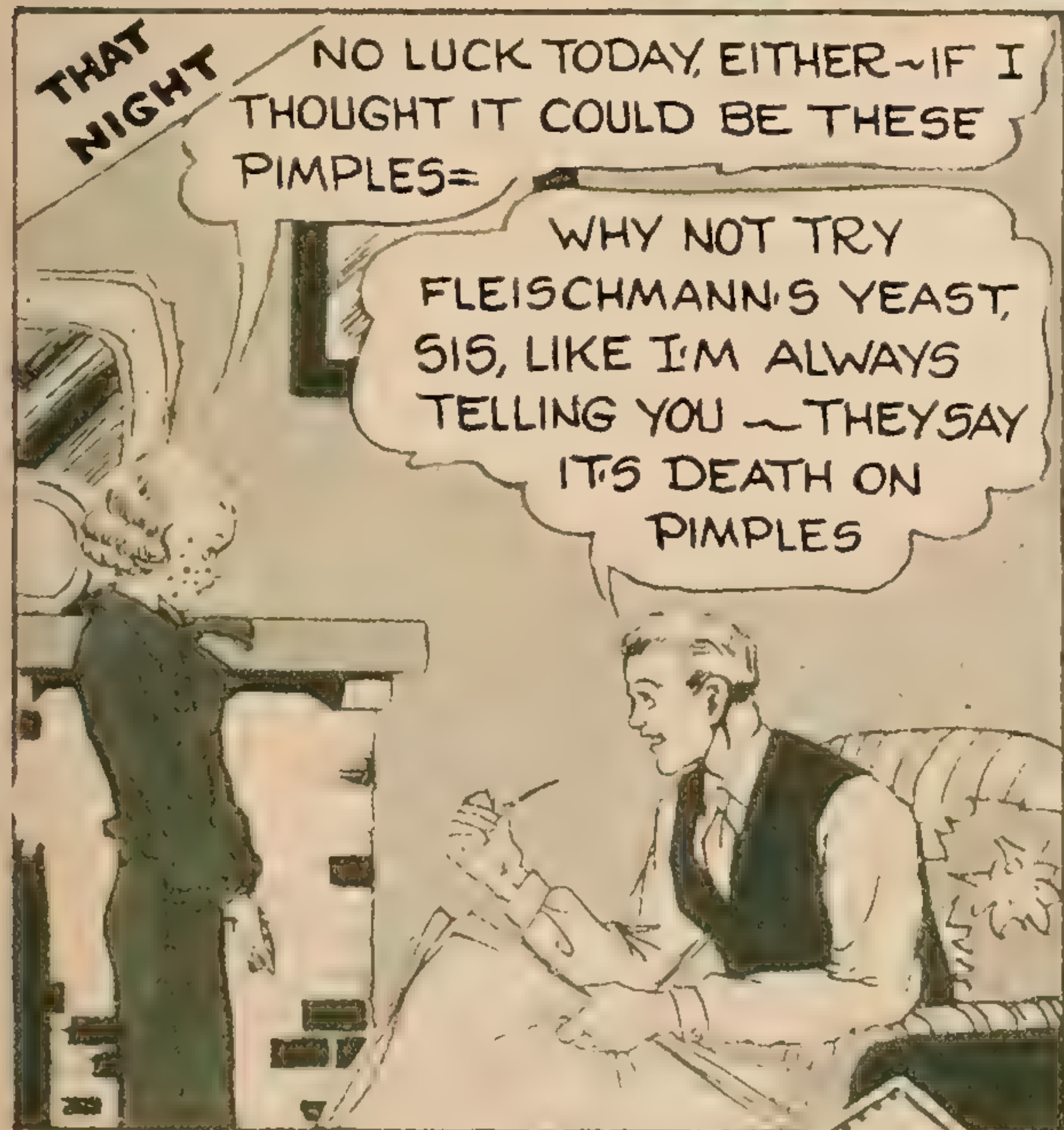
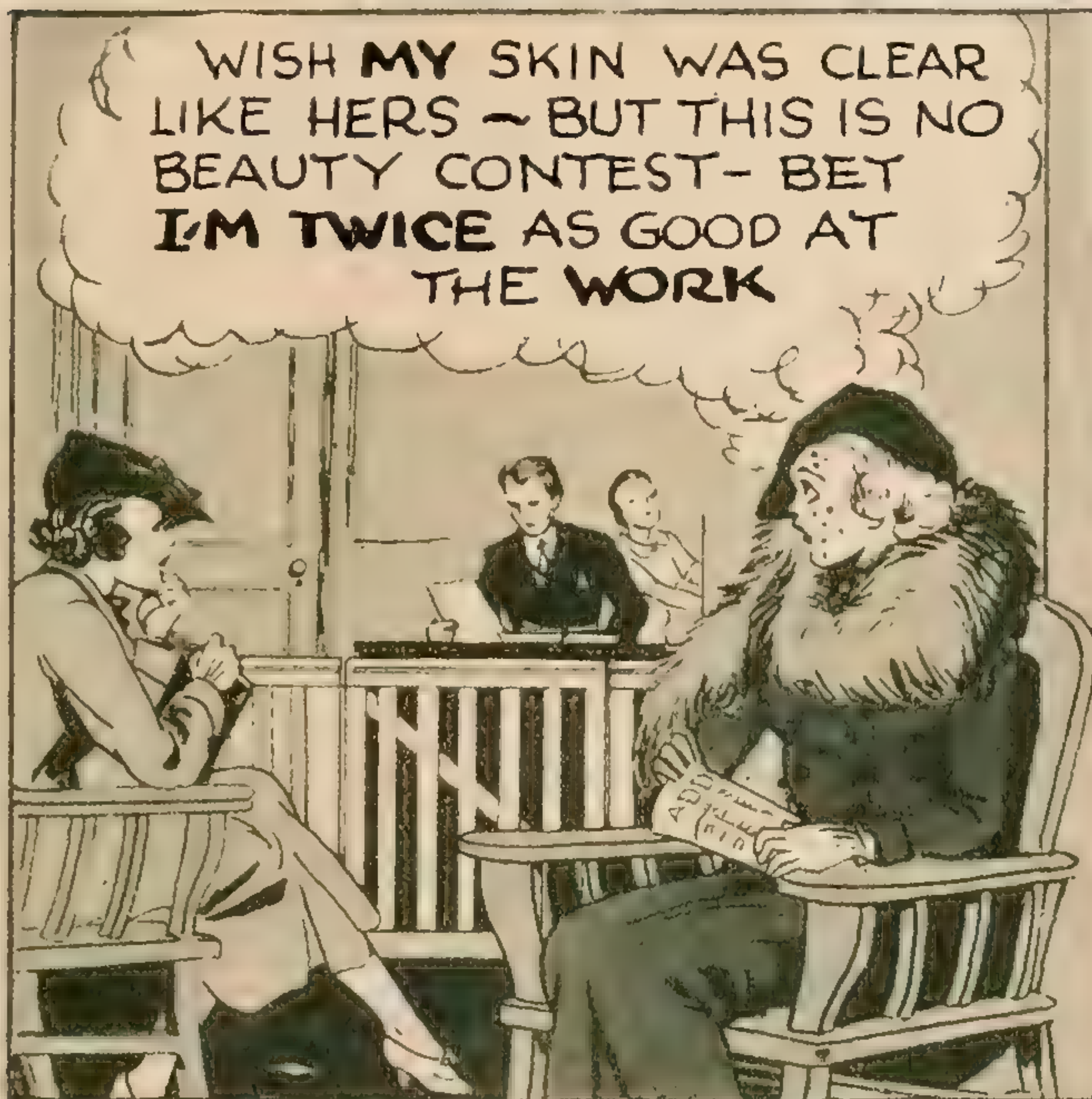
And then I passed out!

I owe that beast a gigantic debt. He has proved to me that I've got to quit laughing at Death, for there is no such a thing as the "charmed" life with which I always thought I was endowed!

HOLLYWOOD



Yet in her heart she knew her bad skin was no asset for any job

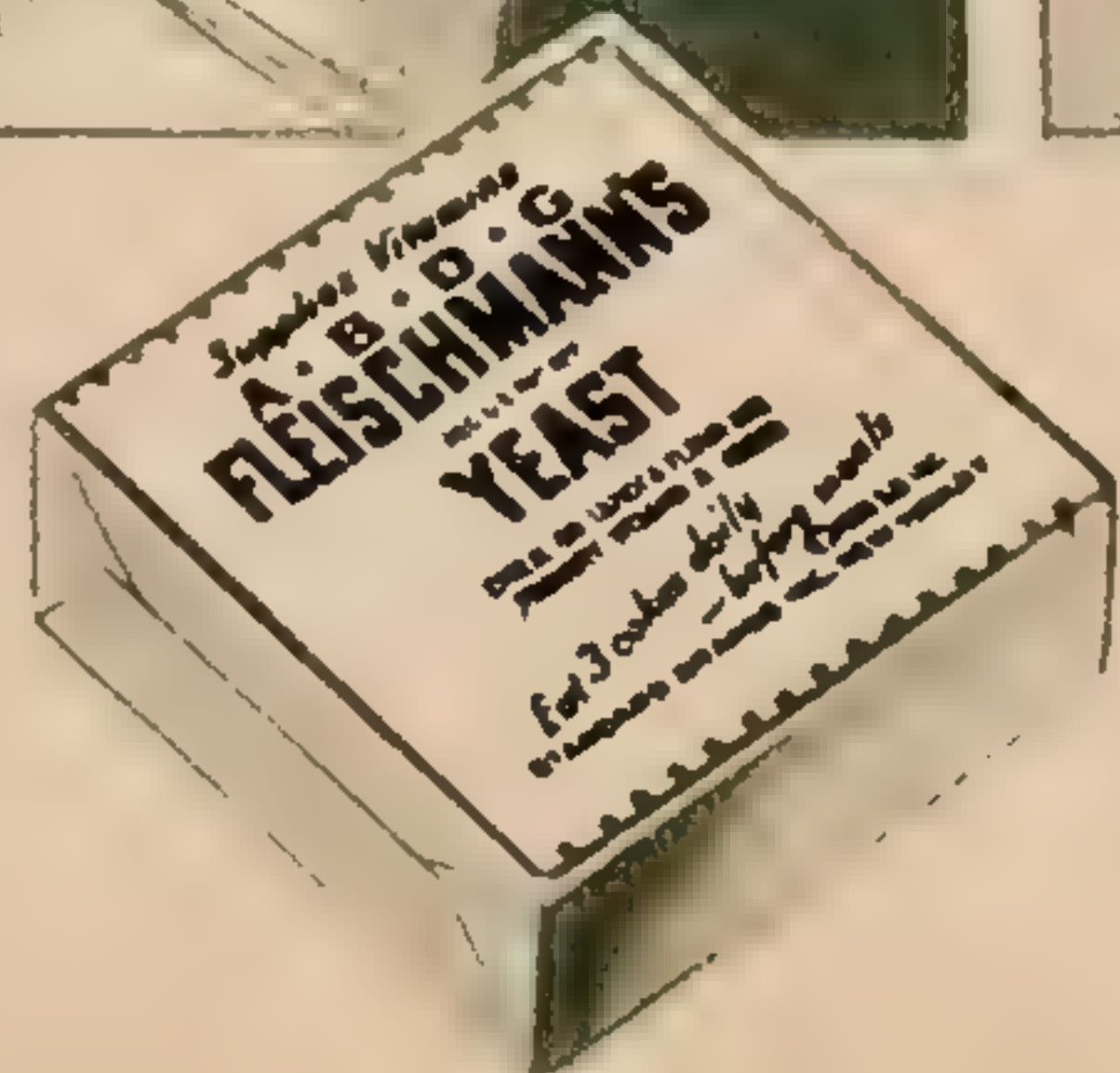


Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU out of a job!

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes over-sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin — and pimples are the result.

For the treatment of these adolescent pimples, doctors prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the blood of the skin irritants that cause pimples.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin is entirely clear.



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

Are Movie People Crazy?

(Continued from page thirty-eight)

look a gift horse in the mouth. He was, in short, suspicious that there was something wrong with the animal. However, he led it away, and put it up at a reputable stable, while he worked up nerve to get on its back. He would polish its hoofs, clean its teeth, bring it carrots and pay the horse every attention—except ride it.

"After a month of this my taunts finally induced him to saddle the beast, and he started off with many mutterings and off-stage whispers about the nag's probable disposition. Chester started along Sunset Boulevard, through Beverly Hills, and all went well for a time. Then Chester remembered an old custom he had read about, pertaining to stirrup-cups. A stirrup-cup, he decided, would add just the right dash of elan to his outing. So he turned down a side street to call on some friends.

● "IN THE MIDST of his prancing progress, who should Chester and his horse meet up with, than a tree, coming at them on board a snorting truck. This was a mighty large tree, and spread from one side of the road to the other. Now, that horse had never seen a tree walking, and so he left the road, leaped a hedge, and left Chester in a patio surrounded by a select circle of Beverly society.

"From a sane man's point, a horse should cause its master no inconvenience whatsoever. I enjoy their company, and feel that polo would be no fun without them. But Chester is convinced that all horses are bewitched. He will tell me, with a straight face, that he is unpopular with horses, because they talk among themselves about him and pass the word along. When a horse sees him coming, he nickers: 'Here comes Chester; now for some fun!'

"Is that sane?"

"Of course my point of view may be prejudiced, but it does strike me that some of Chester's doings are a trifle dizzy, not to say odd.

● CHESTER, ASKED to give his version of our dizzy contemporaries, seemed to be the perfect picture of a staid young man attending strictly to business. He laid aside a thick script and peered at me owlishly.

"Crazy people? The movies are full of them. Take Robert Montgomery, for example. Say, have you noticed that bulge on his hip? Listen"—a glance right and left—"that's a forty-four. He's going armed now, and it's breaking his heart that nothing has happened so far. Just now he has hallucinations about being robbed. He called for me the other night, so I came out with a long Japanese spear, a flint-lock, and two prop daggers. Did that cure him? Not at all.

"Bob makes out to others that I'm a trifle dippy, but what I do is really for his own good. An object lesson. I suppose he's told you about that horse he gave me? He would. Well, I'll bet that he never told you that horse liked to sit down. He didn't tell me that, either. Sure, it sits. Sits in bridle paths, front lawns, patios—anywhere. I went to get it one day at the stable. Janet Gaynor was there for a riding lesson. 'Aren't you scared?' she asked. 'Nothing to be afraid of,' I told her, as I mounted and rode off. About fifty yards away the horse tried



Maybe it's voice culture while exercising and maybe it's all just good fun! Betty Grable is the beauty, Sonny Lamont the heavy, both RKO players

to sit down. So I asked him where he'd prefer to go, and the horse turned around and went right back into the stable. 'Well, that's a quick canter,' Janet remarked.

● "THEN IF YOU want another instance of approaching dementia, take his infallible roulette system. The idea is that you wait until one color has turned up twice in succession; then you bet on the other color. Suppose red comes up twice—you then bet on black. If black doesn't come up, you wait until once more a color appears twice, and again you bet on the opposite color, only this time you double your stake.

"I tried it. The experience still makes me weak. The only trouble with such an infallible system is that one color has been known to repeat thirty-seven times, and even if you owned the Bank of England you can't go on doubling your bets.

"Bob should talk about insanities—why, the situations he gets me into would make your hair turn gray. One night we went over to the Montgomerys, and Bob got to talking about an acrobatic act he had seen. He thought it would be swell if we tried it out.

"To get into the spirit of the thing, however, we must all wear tights and mustaches. Our wives rummaged around and found some long underwear for tights, and with eyebrow pencils we put on some really fierce mustaches.

"We were right in the midst of doing a pyramid when guests Bob had invited and then forgotten, walked in. With them were several strangers. They found the Montgomerys and the Morris in attitudes that to any one outside of Hollywood might appear at least a trifle odd, I'll grant, and it took a lot of explaining to prove we were the four acrobats and not four lunatics. But was that my fault?"

Answer to a Maiden's Prayer

(Continued from page thirty-two)

are those other stars George Raft, Franchot Tone and Bill Powell, whose time has been more or less permanently taken up by Virginia Pine, Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow. Yes, sir, things were pretty quiet on the Hollywood romantic front . . . and the gals were just aching for some handsome swain to come along who would give them all a chance!

And there he was . . . bowing and smiling, blowing kisses, kissing hands. He looked with unconcealed admiration on every beautiful woman he met, and talked with them brightly, eagerly.

Later, he told me in that intriguing accent of his, "I am crazy about Hollywood . . . and I think American girls are the most attractive in the world. Especially those in Hollywood. I would like to know every one of them."

● AND, AS IT turned out, he pretty nearly did.

There was Anita Louise whom he squired about quite often. And Astrid Allwyn, a young actress also on the Fox lot. And the smart and sophisticated Genevieve Tobin who sighed like a school girl when he sang to her. At a party given for him by Edward G. Robinson, he sat in four different corners with four more young ladies, and held them all in rapt attention.

He has a wonderful sense of humor, this Nino . . . and a sly roguishness. He loves to make jokes and tell them. He is always at high spirit, and like most Latins, knows a childish pleasure in little things. And, above all, he appreciates a woman who can laugh with him.

● THAT WAS ONE of the first things that attracted him to Astrid Allwyn. They met at a small party at the Trocadero, before Nino was formally introduced to Hollywood, and he danced with her the greater part of the evening. He found her light on her toes, and light in spirits as well. The next morning, bright and early at nine o'clock he phoned her. She was flabbergasted. And she was also sleepy. She was flattered, too, but a bit surprised by this sudden "rush." This was a new kind of man to Hollywood. She didn't quite know what to do about it.

"What are you going to do today?" he asked her.

"Why, I don't know. I hadn't planned anything much. Except I have a new Ford, and I did think of driving it around, to break it in, you know."

"Good," said Nino, "will you let me come with you? I would like to drive around with you. I'll be right over."

"Wait a minute . . . !" said the astounded Astrid. But he had already hung up . . . and in a half hour he was there. They drove to Ventura and back. Most of the way, Nino sang love songs to her, as they bounced along in the tiny Ford coupe. Astrid didn't quite know what to make of it. She had never dreamed that an opera star could be so informal, and so exuberant.

They spent many gay times together while he was here. He loved the amusement parks down at the beach. He threw baseballs, and hooked canes, and fished for prizes. Then, before going home, he always gave the prizes to the children who swarmed the park. Together, Astrid and Nino would walk for hours

HOLLYWOOD

along the curve of the beach, admiring the moon, drinking in the sound of the waves. Or they parked their car on some high hilltop and marvelled at a view. And Nino would turn on the radio, and sing to it.

The answer to it, I suppose, is that Nino is Italian and not American . . . and Italians, even when they are successful and busy radio and screen stars, can always find time for romance. They find time, because they can't live without it.

"But I have never really been seriously in love," he told me. "Not 'heels over head' as you say. Except once. Yes, there is always an exception. That was when I was a boy, in Verona, in Italy. She was my boyhood sweetheart and I adored her with my life. It was while I was singing in the choir of San Fermo's church, that I first knew her. From the choir box I could see her watching and listening only to me . . . her pretty face turned toward me, with the light from the great high windows falling on it. After church, she would wait for me, and I would walk home with her. Sometimes I picked flowers for her on the way. It was always understood between us that someday we should be married, when I had made my way in the world.

● "THEN I BEGAN to study voice in earnest with my two dear teachers, Giovanni Zenatello and his wife, Maria Gay. They had been famous grand opera singers themselves once, and they had faith in me. But they were strict with me. I must give up everything for my work. I even went to live in their home so they could look after me closely. I did not see much of my sweetheart then, but we still wrote love notes to each other, and promised our undying faith.

"Then I had to leave her, to make my debut in opera. But I told her that when I was a success I would come back to claim her. The years passed. I sang in Italy and then later I toured the continent. The critics were nice to me. I got jobs everywhere. At last I went back to Verona, to seek my beloved. But the story has a very sad ending. Her parents had tired of her waiting. They thought she would *never* get married. They arranged a marriage for her . . . and I arrived too late. She had married and gone away to live. And I have never dared to really let myself fall in love since . . . that is why I seek your 'safety in numbers,'" he smiled.

So you see another Romeo and Juliet love story had its tragic ending.

And Martini went back to his touring.

It was at one of his Paris recitals, that the young tenor was heard by Lasky, and signed to a film contract. That was in 1929. Under this arrangement he starred in a series of five short pictures, filmed in the form of concert recitals.

● MARTINI HAD little English at his disposal however, and felt at a loss in America, so, after a year, he returned to Europe. But America was not going to let him get away so easily. He was offered a contract by the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, as their leading tenor . . .

Shortly after his successful year at the Philadelphia Opera Co., he was signed by the Metropolitan Opera Company . . . the goal of every singer! He was a sensation and New York critics acclaimed him the greatest tenor since Caruso!

JANUARY, 1936



NOW-NO BAD BREATH!

behind her Sparkling Smile!

AND THEY USED TO PITY HER AT PARTIES

YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, MISS ALLEN, I'D KNOW YOU ANYWHERE!

WHY MUST SUCH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL HAVE SUCH A BREATH!

POOR PEGGY-ANOTHER PARTY SPOILED

HE WAS HORRID TO ME-I HATE HIM! AND WHY DO YOU TALK ABOUT MY TEETH-YOU KNOW HOW CAREFULLY I BRUSH THEM!

JUST THE SAME, THEY SAY BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. IT WON'T HURT TO ASK DR. MOORE.

YES, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM-ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE...AND MAKES THE TEETH BRIGHTER, TOO!

I'LL TRY IT, DOCTOR. I'LL GET SOME COLGATE DENTAL CREAM TODAY.

IT'S WONDERFUL HOW NICE AND CLEAN COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL, MOTHER!

YOU SHOULD SEE PEGGY NOW

COME ON, PEGGY... JUST ONE DANCE!

GO 'WAY...THIS IS MINE!

THANK HEAVENS FOR COLGATE'S. I'LL NEVER BE CARELESS AGAIN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE sure you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

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Women Have Helped Me

(Continued from page thirty-one)

"Well then, how much of an effect do you believe a woman has on a man's career—especially an actor's?" I began.

"Why, I think a woman—whether she's wife or sweetheart—can help or ruin a man's career." He fell silent for a minute or more, and I could see he had forgotten his kidding and was really thinking over the problem. "I don't mean by that to hand you one of those 'yes and no' answers," he added at last. "It happens that I can cite a good example. Paul Muni, with whom I played in Scarface is one example. Mrs. Muni is undoubtedly an active helper and inspiration, a driving force, to Paul. He goes over every line of dialogue, every situation he will be called upon to do in his picture or stage performance, with her.

"That seems to me to prove a woman can be a great influence in a man's career, without having any official connection with it except a wifely interest and a desire to help and encourage. Of course, helpful wives or sweethearts must be the right sort."

"How about the wrong sort—the wife or sweetheart who is a detriment to her man's career?"

"I've known many of that kind," he answered quickly. "I have in mind right now two very good friends of mine for whom I am truly sorry. At the moment they are headed for the divorce court, just at a time when the actor, who has not had it too easy, is very much in demand by all the major studios. He came from the stage to pictures with one of those so-so contracts. Came along slowly and just when he had begun to click, his wife decided she would manage him, handle his money, make all decisions for him.

"But she 'went Hollywood,' so out of a clear sky comes the news that the couple has separated. A divorce is to follow, and the gossips speak about another woman in that man's life. If there is another woman, in this particular case, the man was driven to it. He may have found someone who could be a real help by giving him quiet understanding."

● "How ABOUT yourself," I asked. "Do you make decisions based on the advice of women?"

"Sure," he said. "Advice I have received from hundreds of women has helped me to decide many things."

"Hundreds of women!" I exclaimed with pardonable astonishment.

"Yes, hundreds," he insisted. "I mean just what I say. The women I am referring to, I have never seen. They write to me after they have seen my pictures, and give me audience reaction I couldn't find in any other way."

"Oh, you mean the fans. Then you do read all your fan mail yourself?"

"Why not? If any man, woman or child feels interested enough in me to sit down and write a letter after seeing me on the screen, I certainly am grateful enough to read it. I try to learn from these letters what the fans want most and what they don't want. After all, they are the ones who step up the box office and lay the money on the line. If the public stops buying tickets, then salaries stop."

"My mother taught me how to live. She taught me to carry on when things

Her One Big Moment

"I had ambitions to become a great dancer, and there WAS a high spot in my life when mother told me I could quit my studies at the Venice, Cal., high school and go into a spot in a Sid Grauman prologue,"



Myrna Loy

Myrna Loy says. "Soon after this, Henry Waxman, a noted photographer, taking note of the Oriental slant of my eyes, made some striking portraits of me. The late Rudolph Valentino noted the portraits

and his wife, the beloved Natacha Rambova, after looking at the photographs, urged Rudy to send for me. Then came the one big moment in my life—Mrs. Valentino took me in hand. I became her protégé.

"I had a series of heart breaking experiences," Miss Loy continued, "but eventually, under the guidance of Natacha, I began to click. So, here am I. But, to my dying day, I shall never forget that day when Natacha decided I was to be her protégé. THAT WAS MY BIG MOMENT."

look dark, just as *she* carried on through life when obstacles, pretty numerous and big, had to be met. Honesty of purpose was her gospel. She reached it and practiced it. She is proud of what little success I have had, and I assume if she were here rather than 3,000 miles away, I would still be leaning on her heavily for advice."

"Come, come, George—what about other women you know personally who influence you?"

● GEORGE LOOKED me straight in the eye. "There were none, my friend. Women, of course, but not women who influenced me."

"Do you believe that the influence of a woman on a man's career is a fifty-fifty proposition?"

"Yes, I do," George answered after a moment's thought. "You mean, I suppose, that the man must do his part. Receive her help intelligently and all that. And help and encourage her, and take an interest in her and what she does in return. I believe that's quite right."

"Here's another angle on the same question. If you need the best legal advice, you consult the best lawyer. If you need the best medical advice, you consult the best specialist. So it follows that, when you seek advice or it is offered you by your wife, your sweetheart, or a very dear girl friend, she can't, unless she's more or less qualified to give that particular advice, help you out specifically."

My Pal, Glenda

(Continued from page forty-one)

Then just as likely as not when the cameras are grinding, Glenda will come out with some expression entirely her own which means that I have to ad lib back and do it pretty quickly or the scene will die on us.

Glenda is like James Cagney in that respect. She's a trouper from A to Z and can troupe with the best of them and never let a scene slow up.

She is the fastest thinker I have ever known. She can have a dozen things on her mind at the same time and not get them bawled up. Her body keeps up with her mind. She moves swiftly and accurately and makes every move count.

I am always conscious of this when we go shopping together. She can buy six complete outfits with hats, shoes, gloves, purses and all other accessories to match while I'm making up my mind what I do want. And when we start any place, Glenda is all ready. She never has to run back for her keys or her check book or to give the cook last minute orders.

● GLENDA RECENTLY purchased an old Spanish house in North Hollywood. It was substantially built and the grounds were lovely but the house wasn't one bit attractive. Glenda walked through it, talking as she went.

"I'll knock out that wall and build on a bedroom which will open out onto the patio. I'll take that closet out and put in book shelves. The fireplace is clumsy. It will have to be rebuilt. It's rather dark in the living room. French windows at that end would fix that. There's plenty room over the garage for a play room, etc."

She did all that and you should see the place now!

The minute you step into her home you realize that it is the home of a woman. It is all done in delicate shades of rose, green, blue, gold and white, yet it isn't fussy and frilly.

Glenda is forever doing thoughtful things for others and she seems instinctively to know just what to do and when to do it.

● MY BABY was two weeks late in arriving. Every morbid thought that could visit an expectant mother made a devil's holiday in my mind. Reporters called daily to ask about the blessed event. Friends called and while they meant well, they sympathized and worried with me and made me all the more morbid.

I decided not to have callers, not even to answer the telephone. One evening it rang so persistently that I did answer. It was Glenda. She didn't even ask me how I felt. Just blithely said, "I'm having a few friends in and I want you and George to come over."

I began making excuses but she overruled them all and in a few minutes I was gaily calling George and announcing that we were going out. I had been so blue that I must have taken him by surprise but he fell in with my spirits and in no time I was laughing and having the best time at Glenda's house.

I don't know whether Glenda had cautioned her other friends or not but there was not one mention of babies, mothers, doctors, or hospitals. I was still glowingly happy early the following morning when I was taken to the hospital. God bless Glenda!

HOLLYWOOD

I Had a Crush on Gene Raymond

(Continued from page thirty-seven)

things in life as Gene Raymond.

I have seen him at home—a gracious host, entertaining his few, very few intimates with sincere enthusiasm and personal enjoyment of their presence. I wish I had his independence. For this young man never does anything he doesn't sincerely enjoy. The same is true in his work. I have seen him on the set earnestly studying, working out a scene with his director—serious, yes—fatigued perhaps after an entire day under the lights—but enjoying it with all the love of one who is doing what he wants to do.

● I HAVE SEEN him in his dressing room—relaxing between scenes—relaxing by inviting everyone in for a smoke, a cold drink, or just to listen to a funny story. He always has a new yarn. Some require acting, which he will do with true Thespian technique. Some call for dialect which he spouts off fluently in any one of five languages. Others simply demand Gene's inimitable way of telling them—all have his hearty contagious laughter as a finale.

I have seen him dancing a buck-and-wing. You didn't know he could? Neither did I after three years until only recently. Gene never exploits—and rarely talks about his "outside accomplishments." I just happened to drop in on Fred Astaire's set one day where Gene had happened to roam from his own on the RKO lot. Suddenly ta-ta—ta-ta—ta-ta—Gene was into his dance. "How's this one, Fred," he grinned, executing a quick turn and shuffle. Soon the famous dancer himself was into it, and Ginger Rogers—even a couple of extras off to one side caught the mad rhythm.

● I'VE SEEN HIM poring over his fan mail with the concern of a man making out his income tax. Gene once told me, "The fans are the real bosses of this picture business—and believe me, I know it. And aim to please them. What they want I intend to give as far as I am able."

I've seen tears in his eyes. The hard tears of a man. With all his heart he had wanted to do *The Life of Stephen Foster*. Several years ago he had purchased the rights to his biography. With all the eagerness and confidence of a kid for the first time on his own, he had planned to play that rôle—to produce it with his own money if necessary. Before he could complete his arrangements, an independent company had produced it. Gene's protestations proved futile. His plans went crashing. Those who knew Gene and his sentiments regarding this story, hardly expected him to see the picture. But even friends don't know one very well sometimes. And Gene was at the theatre the night of the preview to watch another actor play the scenes he had wanted to play—scenes whose playing had meant more to him than anything else in all his twenty-seven years. I shall never forget his face after the preview. Chin held high, eyes straight ahead, though filled to blindness with tears for which he did not bother to apologize, he commented highly upon the performance of the actor who played the rôle.

JANUARY, 1936

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Blend sifted confectioners' sugar gradually into Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, using fork. Add vanilla and continue mixing until smooth and creamy.

Fondant Variations: Use fondant between halved nut meats or as stuffing for dates. Or form into small balls and roll in chopped nuts, shredded coconut, grated chocolate, chopped candied fruits. Or flavor fondant with oil of peppermint or wintergreen, tint with vegetable coloring and form into round creams.

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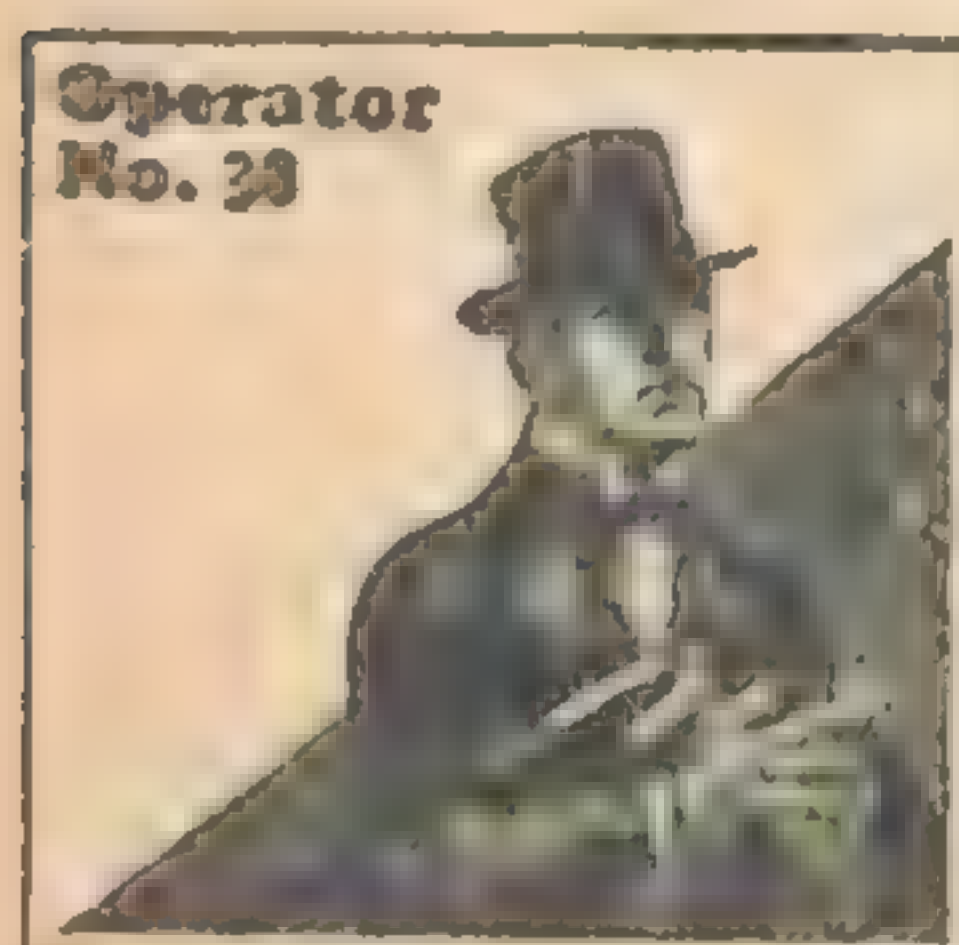
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Who Is YOUR Favorite Star? (A Personal Note from the Editor)

HOLLYWOOD Magazine recently planned two goals. One of them has already been accomplished. We wanted to produce a magazine at so low a price that everyone could afford to buy it each month. So we set the price at a nickel and we are trying to give you the very best movie magazine on the stands!

Second, we want to publish stories about your favorite stars. We have started asking you to mail us post cards suggesting the name of your favorite. They are coming in each day, great packs of them, and every single nomination is carefully tabulated! Every few days we go over the lists to make sure that **HOLLYWOOD** Magazine will have the most popular stars represented in our next issue.

This gives us the very best possible guide to your own taste. And we want **HOLLYWOOD** to reflect your desires more than our own!

If it's worth a penny to you—and it should be—to see that your favorite is represented in this magazine, then sit down right now and mail that government card to us. Send us a note every time you want to see something on our pages that isn't there! Your letters will be most welcome.

GADGET GOSSIP



Paula Stone can't help but smile when examining this inexpensive Clopay window shade of the Venetian Blind type

● **JOAN CRAWFORD** is one of the few members of the film colony who may be called a real authority on interior decoration. One of her favorite hobbies is the complete redecoration of her home. She changes her color schemes with her moods. She says that when she changes the color scheme of a room, it is like turning over a new leaf. According to her, rooms lose their personality if the same color scheme predominates year in and year out.

Would redecorating your rooms cost a fortune if it were done every year? Not if you take Miss Crawford's advice . . . her secret is wall paper.

"The idea that wallpaper is prosaic is a mistaken one," says Miss Crawford. "For instance, for the feminine room, I suggest a design with lacy swags caught in a zigzag effect, by clusters of moss rose buds, while other designs showing quaint floral clusters, or luxuriant masses of flowers in slim sheaf arrangement, possess great charm. There is a new and different type of wallpaper on the market for every room in the house."

• • •

● **MARIAN MARSH**, one of the most popular girls in Hollywood's younger set, offers a bit of advice to those who go in for entertaining.

"Always serve things at their best," she says. "With so many helpful gadgets on the market, there is no reason for your steaks to be tough or your potatoes to be lumpy. A properly cooked dinner goes a long way towards giving you a reputation as a charming hostess."

There is nothing that ruins a dinner so badly as lumpy, mashed potatoes—and there is really no excuse for it with the **Foley Food Mill** on the market. It is so simple to work—just a few turns of the crank and the almost automatic action of the **Foley Food Mill** makes quick, easy work of mashing potatoes, other vegetables and fruits. The **Foley Food Mill** has been tested and approved by the **Good Housekeeping Institute**.

• • •

● If You Would have your dinner dishes come out bright and shiny try wiping them before you wash them with **Red Cross** towels. The towels cut all the grease from the dishes that would otherwise get into the wash pan.

HOLLYWOOD

My Daughter, Ginger

(Continued from page twenty-five)

some event. I bumped into my father. He was overjoyed to see me and although I begged him to keep my abode a secret, he told mother and she told the others. My people and my husband's people descended upon my humble little cottage en masse and it was hard to make them understand that my baby must be born in that same cottage where she had grown from a fearsome realization to a strengthening materialization.

A baby always makes a mother forgiving. I returned to the home of my husband and remained two years—until another baby girl was born and died. Then once more that feeling of suffocation gripped me and once more I ran away.

For the next several years, little Ginger was the most kidnaped child in America. Her father would steal her from me and I would steal her from him. Then he died and once more Ginger was *all mine*.

Rearing a child when you are a well cared for wife and rearing a child when you are a working widow are two entirely different things—yet I was always happy in so doing and only once in the years that followed were we ever separated.

That was the year my patriotism stepped forward and I joined the publicity staff of the United States Marine Corps and sent Ginger to my people in Texas. But even that year stands out in my memory as one of the most pleasant. Ginger was just old enough to write. Her letters were precious gems of sweet thoughts and misspelled words. I used to pass those letters around the department and soon was known as "dear mother" to all my fellow workers. I distinctly recall her last letter to me there. I had told her I was coming home and asked what I could bring her. She wrote back, "I would like a dolly and a buggy but if a buggy costs too much, just bring the dolly and if you can't afford a dolly that's all right, too."

● As A CHILD, Ginger was not beautiful, nor glamorous in any way. She was healthy and wholesome looking. She had big blue eyes, red hair, freckles and a beaming personality that did not permit her to go unnoticed in a group of children. She was always a public spirited kid and once she started a thing she never gave up until she had mastered it.

When Ginger was only eight years old she was asked to sing over the radio. Radio was new to most of us and no one realized how long a half hour, the time allotted to her, really was. She brought her own music and an accompanist. Before her time was half up she had run out of music, more had been sent for and Ginger was still singing. She sang until the girl at the piano fainted from nervous exhaustion!

● WHEN THE Charleston took the town by storm, it took Ginger right along with it. Not only did she know the original steps but she had a lot more she invented. She won the Fort Worth contest and then won the state-wide contest. The winning carried with it a booking on a small circuit.

For this circuit, I picked up two more children with red hair and billed the trio as "Ginger Rogers and her Red Heads." They did very well until someone broke up the act by stealing my red heads.

I felt that school was the place for so young a girl and back to the class room my daughter went—but not for long. Galveston offered her ten weeks engagement at a hundred and fifty dollars a week. It seemed too good to refuse. Just before the expiration of the engagement, I sent a wire to a Chicago Circuit saying that Ginger Rogers would be available after such-and-such a date. I knew they didn't know who Ginger Rogers was but I figured the wire would make them think she was important. It did.

The ruse worked. The first engagement was Memphis, Tennessee. It took practically all we had saved in the ten weeks to get there. That was the beginning of her career. From then on success was more or less assured. She came to Hollywood and you know the rest.

● GINGER HAD never gone out much with young men. She had never had a serious affair before she met Lew Ayres. That was a match right from the start. They were so happy together, so eager to run off by themselves and forget the rest of the world. They would dress in their oldest togs and go for rides or hikes, they would eat in drive-in places instead of crowded cafes. So I wasn't very surprised when they came to me one day and said, "We want to be married. You know what to do."

I knew what to do! Well, I knew that a license, a minister and a couple of witnesses were necessary but beyond that I didn't have the remotest idea what they wanted in the form of a wedding. It was a week later that they nonchalantly informed me that they wanted "just a small church wedding and a small reception and they wanted it in two weeks!"

The preparation for a new show was nothing when compared to the preparation for that wedding. There was Ginger's trousseau, the flowers, the wedding cake, the church, and the reception and the guests and those two scamps doing nothing toward helping save to tell me that anything I did was all right by them. I had to force Lew into a chair and make him sit there until he gave me a guest list.

But it was fun—every bit of it—I was just kid enough to get a kick out of it—and them. The wedding came off as scheduled and I thought, with a sigh of relief, that my work was completed. I was wrong. There was still the house to be considered.

Both Lew and Ginger knew what they wanted in the line of a home. It must be a home—not just a house. Everything in it was to be used—not looked at. They had a great time buying furniture and arranging it. Then one day Lew called up and said, "Will you come over and arrange Ginger's room? She's arranged it and it doesn't look right yet."

I arranged it. I don't know as it looked any better when I finished than when I started but they were both pleased.

Ginger feels the same way about clothes as she does about her home. Clothes are to be worn. Often she will admire a lovely gown and say, "It's beautiful but I wouldn't want to own it." For the screen she wears clothes that have photographic value. For herself, she prefers simple things rather than things that enhance her beauty.

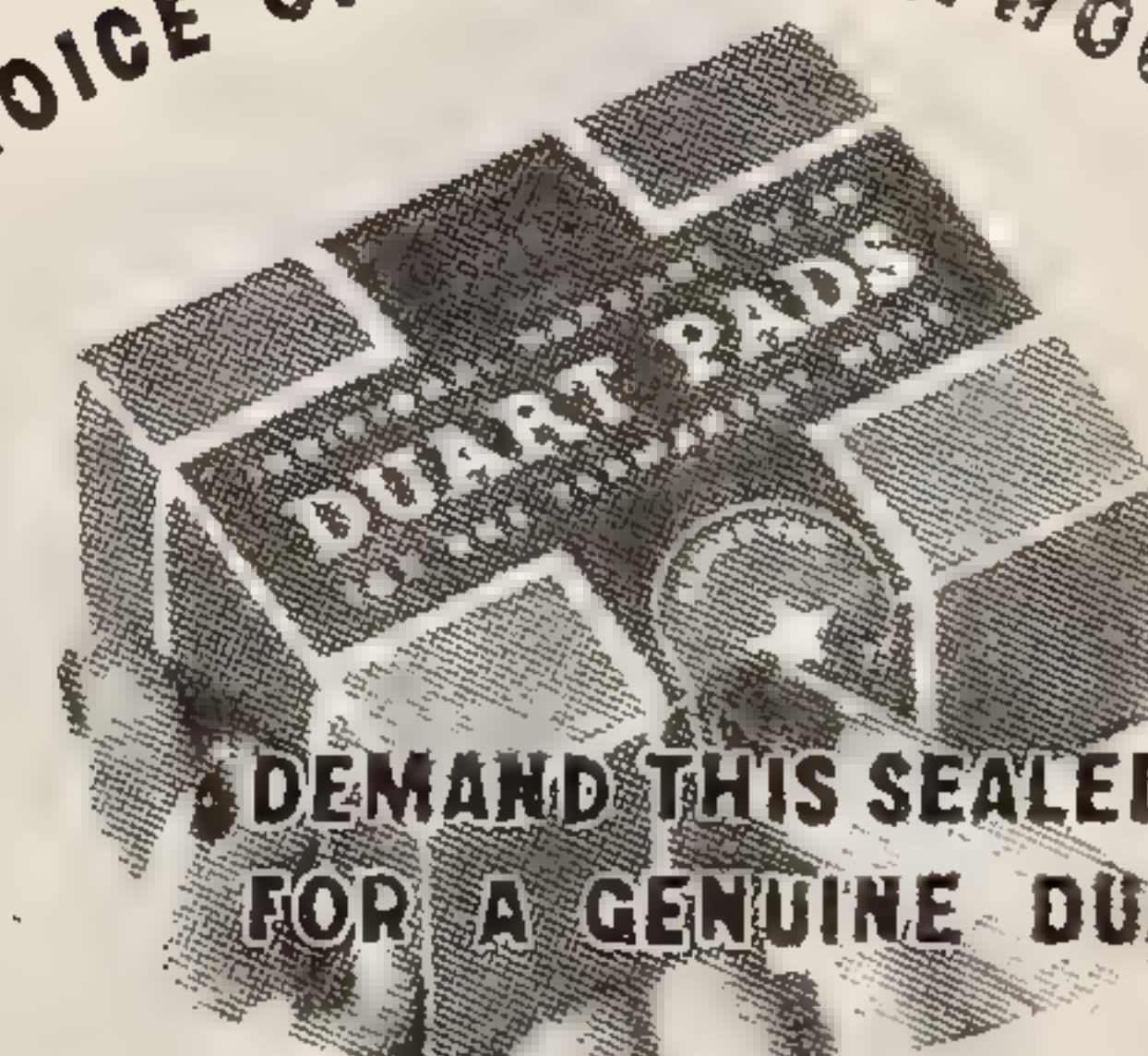


MARIAN MARSH, featured in the Columbia Production of "Crime and Punishment"

Your permanent can be just as lovely as the soft lustrous waves you see on the screen if you remember three things: 1. Select a good hairdresser—pass up shops with "bargain" prices. 2. Demand a genuine Duart wave. Nine out of ten Hollywood stars say it's the best, and they ought to know. 3. Look for the SEALED individual package of Duart waving pads. YOUR package will be opened before your eyes. This is your GUARANTEE that your hair will be waved with the same genuine Duart materials used in Hollywood. Duart's FREE BOOKLET of smart Hollywood coiffures sent with a ten-cent package of Duart Hair Rinse used by the stars to brighten the natural color of the hair and add those glamorous highlights. Your choice of 12 delicate shades. Use coupon.

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OF BLOTCHY SKIN..."

I TAKE THE
3-MINUTE
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BUDGET YOUR BEAUTY TIME In 1936

It never pays to neglect your beauty routine. Here's how you can attend to every little detail!

by MAX FACTOR



Alice Faye's blonde beauty is achieved through meticulous care of all tiny details. Budgeting your time will help you solve your own problems



Hair dress is important in any beauty routine, Rochelle Hudson will tell you. Study your own coiffeur for all possible improvements

with those women who dream of "doing something with their looks some day." They build rosy castles planning how, when they get enough leisure and money, they'll have miraculous things done to themselves—those extra forty pounds taken off, or their face made smooth and young again, and they'll learn just the proper make-up they should use.

Very pleasant dreams. Meanwhile they are passing by a far more pleasant reality! They could be accomplishing these things *now* for themselves. It doesn't take much time or effort or money. It takes—a budget.

"I'D LOVE to be more attractive but I haven't the time!"

That is the wail of thousands of women and when you hear it you may be sure of this: They have no idea how long it takes to go through the right beauty regime daily—or they wouldn't be wailing. They'd be *doing*! Because once you get the routine it's so quickly done.

Budget your beauty time. Begin now, January 1, 1936. Why waste another year poking along on about thirty per cent of your actual "face value"? Especially when it's so simple to acquire the full hundred per cent? Frankly, I have no sympathy whatever

● BY HAVING one, you won't slip back into the beauty destroying "do-nothing habit around January fourth after making a big start at the New Year. A budget—written out and put where you can see it every morning—is the best way of swinging you into a routine for getting the most out of your looks.

Two of the most popular and busiest members of Hollywood's younger set, Alice Faye and Rochelle Hudson, have each evolved a little scheme that not only works like a charm but adds it! "It's funny," says Rochelle, "how mixed up you get if you don't have a 'beauty' budget. You think, why of course I exercise a lot. Let me see, I took that long walk—when was it? ...

HOLLYWOOD

And when you come to figure out it was a week ago! One long walk a week doesn't constitute sufficient exercise in any language! And unless you have it, the skin gets dark and queer looking because of that old hoodoo, poor circulation.

"No, you have to work out a daily schedule for yourself. *Cleansing the face*, for instance. That's a simple matter that occupies only about two minutes of one's time *three times a day*. The really important thing is the way you do it. I often use a cream that does the job in a jiffy. But you don't just smear it on and off. I apply it first to the lower part of my face and work up. After that I use it on my neck—front and back. When I've removed it with tissues I like to go over my face pretty thoroughly with a piece of cotton dipped in astringent."

● **ROCHELLE**, With her dark brown hair and olive skin, uses olive powder, carmine rouge and blending lipstick to give her face that natural glow.

Alice, a vivacious blonde, uses rachel powder and a flesh foundation to give her skin radiance. Her rouge is blendeen in tone. She has a lovely generous mouth and her trick is that she doesn't extend the lipstick toward the corners any farther than on a line running through the center of the eye. And she has the knack of making up her lower lip a trifle lighter than the upper one because it's the lower lip that catches the light rays.

"Evening make-up," Rochelle continues, "is more complicated, so fifteen minutes goes for that. And of course the better spent that quarter of an hour is, the more fun you're going to have!"

● **ONCE A WEEK** Alice Faye has worked into her schedule a suppling treatment as she calls it. "And," says Alice, "I've grown accustomed to doing it Wednesday night because if you don't set a special night you neglect it completely. The suppling treatment really means rubbing a softening lotion like warm olive oil all over your body—shoulders, knees, elbows, feet. . . . The whole thing takes only *five minutes* after your bath."

"Then I've made Saturday the day I give myself a home manicure. A *half hour* is needed to do this properly."

Nothing very difficult, you see, in the Beauty Budget. Summed up it goes like this:

Morning: Cleansing the face and make-up—8 minutes.

Evening: Cleansing the face and make-up—17 minutes (before dinner.)

Bath and preparing face for night—20 minutes.

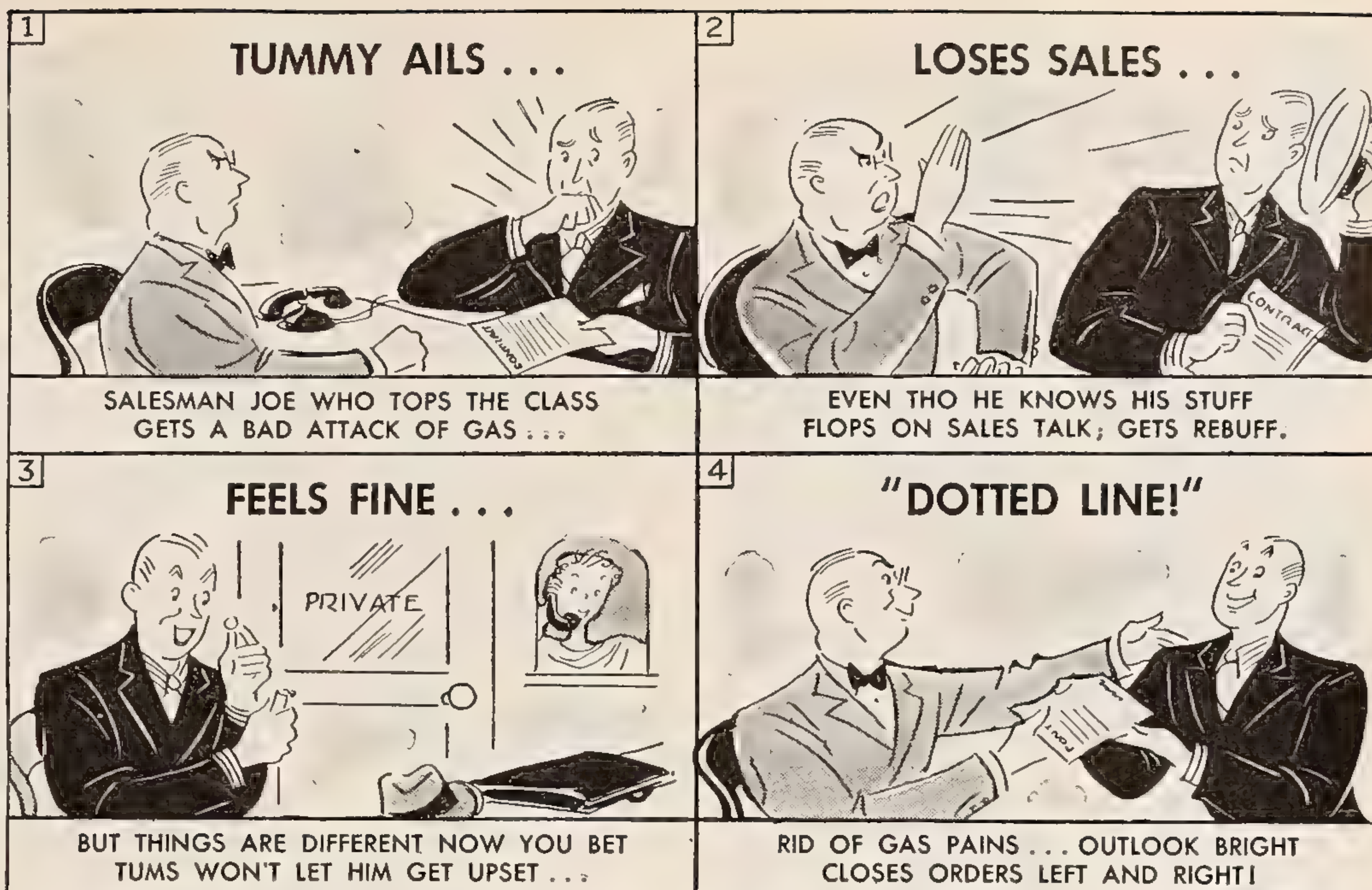
Hair treatment—15 minutes.

Wednesday: Suppling treatment after bath—5 minutes.

Saturday: Home manicure—30 minutes.

Make only one New Year's resolution this year—and let it be to get more out of life by getting more out of your looks!

JANUARY, 1936



ACID INDIGESTION WON'T BOTHER ME!

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A HOLLYWOOD BREAKFAST PARTY

by
DOROTHY DWAN

MONEY FOR RECIPES!

HOLLYWOOD Magazine wants you to send in your favorite recipe, and backs the offer up with cash prizes! Just write a letter dedicating your recipe to a star, and send it in to the address listed in the box below. For the best recipe we will pay a \$10 first prize. For the second best, \$5. For the next fifteen best recipes, \$1 each. **HOLLYWOOD Magazine** reserves the right to print any recipe submitted, whether or not it wins a prize. Send yours in now and try for one of the seventeen cash prizes!



Mrs. Robinson and her favorite cook prepare the waffle batter

PICTURES AND PARTIES go hand in hand in Hollywood.

Mind you, not the wild orgies with which our city is credited, but entertainment that not even our most puritanical cousins could frown upon. Sometimes the gatherings are small impromptu affairs and then again, someone with a spurt of energy will stage a party that will prove the talk of the town for weeks.

I had heard that Edward G. Robinson and his wife, Gladys, had been imbued with not only a "spurt" but a veritable deluge of ambition and the result was just about the grandest informal "food fest" the cinema sun has set upon in many a day.

Yep, it *was* a breakfast, but old Sol had dropped beyond the horizon long before the last guests had taken their departure. In fact, the host and hostess found themselves eating their breakfast at seven in the evening!

Ah, thought your cooking sleuth, here's where I find out just how to appease the A. M. appetites of our favor-

ite stars. I went to the phone to make a date with Gladys.

I was promptly invited to lunch—a very fortunate thing—not for my figure, but for your cook books. We were served Crepe Suzettes for dessert and when I begged for five minutes alone with the Robinson cook, Gladys said, "If you please, this is my speciality. I've been experimenting with various kinds of crepes for years, and these are the result of many recipes."

● **GLADYS OBLIGINGLY** gave me the following directions. Try them for luncheons, dinners or midnight suppers and your popularity will zoom skyward. Incidentally, she told me that even Charlie Chaplin had put his stamp of approval on her concoction. The recipe serves four apiece to four people.

APPETIZING LEFTOVERS!

Learn what Sally Eilers does with those leftover scraps of meat and vegetables which we all find cooling off in our refrigerators! Write NOW for the FREE leaflet giving Sally's own special recipes. It's printed—like all our new Star Recipes—on a punched leaflet made especially to fit any standard 8½ by 11 inch loose leaf notebook used in all schools. Other recipes you will want:

Edward G. Robinson's Favorite Honey Cakes	5c
Margaret Sullivan's Tasty Pudding	5c
Raisin Recipes from Noah Beery, Jr.	5c
Pinky Tomlin's Favorite Hot Bread	5c
Valerie Hobson's Casserole Dishes	5c
Andy Devine's After-dinner Snacks	5c
Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes	5c
Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart	5c

HOLLYWOOD'S recipes are kitchen-tested by Anna Belle Lee, noted home economics expert with modern testing kitchens in the Hollywood Citizen-News building. You can depend on all recipes to give finest results. Send for them NOW!

Address your letters to Dorothy Dwan, Hollywood Magazine's Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. **NO LETTERS ANSWERED UNLESS A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS INCLOSED!**

CREPE SUZETTES

- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/4 cup pastry flour
- 2/3 tablespoon of grated orange peel
- 1/3 tablespoon of grated lemon peel

Sift flour once, and then measure. Add sugar, salt and baking powder, then sift twice. Beat eggs well, and add milk and peel. Gradually add dry ingredients. The resulting mixture must be very thin. Drop by small tablespoonfuls on hot baking surface. Cook slowly till brown on lower side, then turn with care. Remove to table. Place a teaspoon of strawberry jam on the upper surface and roll. Place close together in shallow vessel (not metal). When ready to serve, cover with the following sauce, and heat in the same vessel into which the crepes have been put.

- 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
- 1 tablespoon of butter
- 2 tablespoons grated orange peel
- 1/2 tablespoon grated lemon peel

Cook slowly until thick and clear. Just before adding to crepes, put in liquor as follows, 1/2 tablespoon brandy, 1 tablespoon of curacao, and 1 tablespoon of wine.

Pour over crepes and heat just to boiling point, no more. When ready to serve, cover with 1/4 cup of pure brandy, and set on fire. Serve blazing.

● "EDDIE Is So fond of continental dishes, our table often resembles one seen in Paris or Vienna," explained Gladys. "He is really an epicurean but his main requisite in the matter of food isn't what it is, but the manner in which it is prepared. He can enjoy corn beef and cabbage just as well as the next fellow, but is fastidious about flavorings and seasonings."

By-the-way, here's a tip for you Robinson fans. If, by some quirk of fate, your idol is stranded on your doorstep and you want to make a hit with him, get a nice thick steak, and a few moments before removing the meat from the broiler, brush the surfaces with a sauce made of butter, Worcestershire sauce, and a dash of garlic. He will remember you for life.

"We contracted the party fever simultaneously," laughed Gladys, "but what to do about it? Cocktail parties and buffet suppers—Well, we were like the man who ate so many prunes at his boarding house—we just couldn't look another hors d'oeuvre or plate of chicken a la king in the face."

"Finally I suggested we get our friends on the rebound. Every man, woman or child likes late Sunday morning breakfast. Eddie agreed enthusiastically, and I think our idea was a success. As someone remarked, 'We are all grouches in the morning, and yet hilarity and good fellowship reigned supreme with all one hundred and fifty of us, on that sunny morning'."

"A hundred and fifty," I gasped. "Were you feeding an army or merely entertaining your friends?"

"Eddie and I like people and love to have them in our home. When we start making up an invitation list, it seems always to be endless," said Gladys.

● YES, "EDDIE likes people," but just between you and me, they must be intelligent to cope with the Robinson

gray matter. His knowledge and refinement may not be responsible for his draw at the box office, but his personal life is another thing. Robinson's two hobbies are classical music, and art. His home contains some original paintings and statuary that would make many a collector green with envy.

"How in the world did you manage to give breakfast to so many people?" I asked. "They must have been straggling in at all hours."

"Honestly," protested Gladys, "I have never had more prompt guests. Breakfast was to be served at twelve thirty, and every last one of them had their napkins tucked under their chins and were eating by one o'clock."

"Eddie and I had been preparing for them for four days," continued the hostess. "We had tables spread under the trees, and each group had a master of ceremonies. Irvin S. Cobb, Lew Fields, Joe E. Brown, Jack Benny, Walter Connolly, and many others presided. In one corner of the garden we had an old negro mammy with three waffle irons going. Another table was loaded down with jellies, jams, marmalades, and spiced fruits."

"For the Russian contingent we had thousands of brioches, snecken and stollen (glorified coffee cake to you). Along with these and Russian potato pancakes, they consumed gallons of coffee."

When Gladys told me of the pancakes, I couldn't resist getting the recipe for you. It's for twelve pancakes:

RUSSIAN POTATO CAKES

Scrub, peel and finely grate four very large potatoes. Soak two slices of stale bread in warm water, and immediately squeeze all excess water out. Throw in with potatoes. Add four eggs, two teaspoons of salt, pinch of baking powder and salt to taste. Be sure your batter isn't flat and yet it must not be too salty. Pour vegetable oil on an iron griddle and when the oil is smoking, turn your flame down low. Remember, you are cooking raw potatoes, so the cakes must cook through or else the result will be a golden brown surface with an uncooked center. One large tablespoon of the batter makes a good sized cake. Be sure the under side is brown before turning with a spatula. It takes quite a long time to cook many of these cakes, so place them in another pan on a hot plate as they are finished. Dab a bit of butter on them while they are being kept warm. They may be reheated for another meal in the oven.

● "NEEDLESS To say," continued Gladys, "the English guests made huge inroads on our steak and kidney puddings."

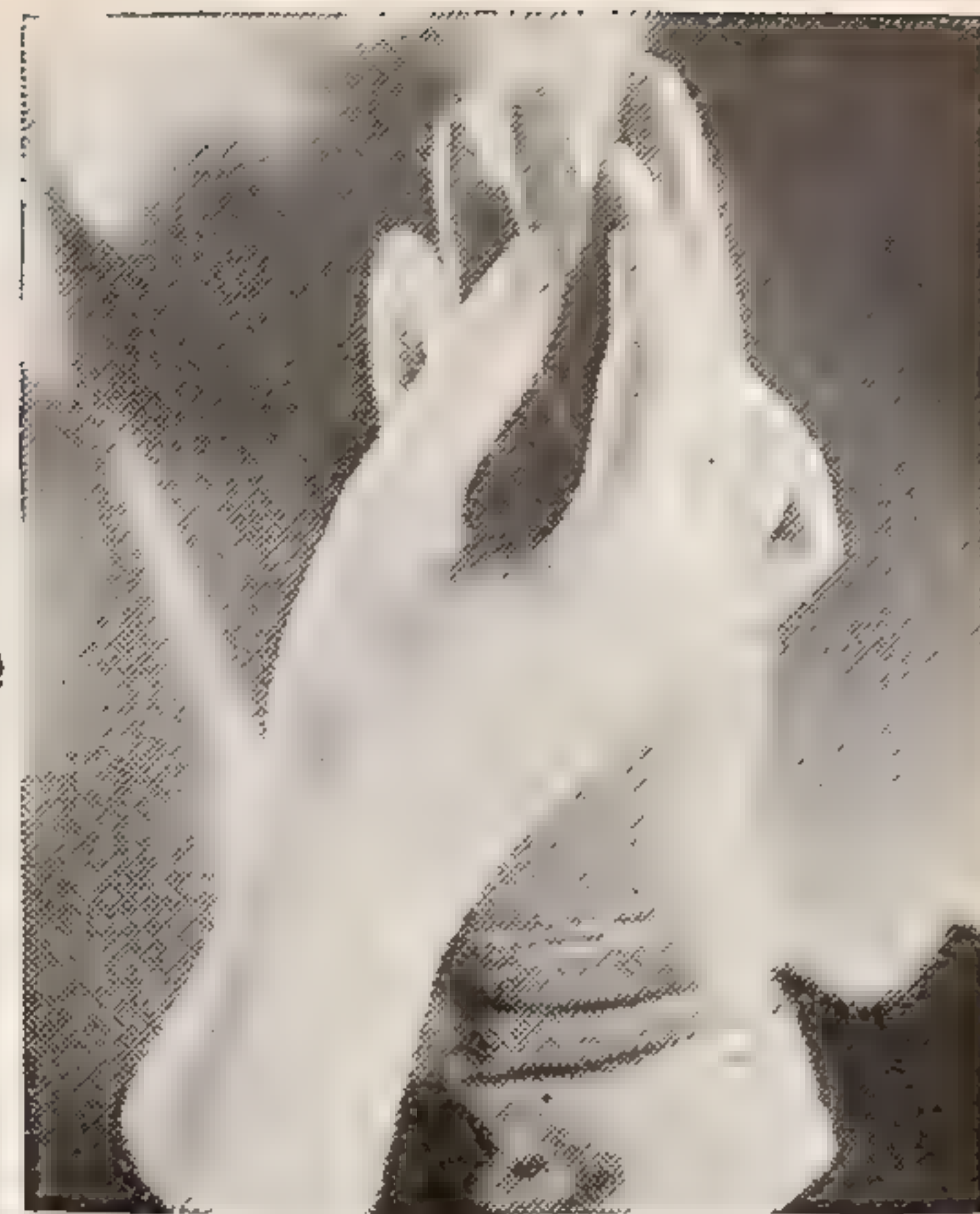
"The Irish section concentrated on eggs, Irish bacon, and toast, while the Americans revelled in Bessie's waffles. She cooked several kinds but I want to tell you how she made her batter. Proportions are for three:

WAFFLES

- 1 1/4 cups flour
- 1 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 eggs separated
- 1/3 cup melted butter
- 1 cup of milk

"Mix the dry ingredients, and add milk gradually. Beat the egg yolks and add to the mixture. Then the melted butter and lastly, the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in hot greased iron."

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Hollywood's Magnificent Pagans

(Continued from page twenty-two)

Mexican decree . . . and the waters around Bermuda are wonderfully, temptingly clear. Fourteen years' accumulation of whisky bottles are planted in that sea garden, says Miriam. And everyone knows she's never tried to make herself beautiful. She won't touch make-up. You see her even at formal parties with her face scrubbed and shiny and not a trace of mascara on her white eyelashes.

Strictly an individual, this Hopkins. That was the reason her first romantic young marriage ended in the Chicago courts. To this day she won't go near the city unless a professional engagement calls her. "I don't want to remember lost illusions!" she cries. "I want to laugh!" And she dares to laugh with the gods . . .

● SOMETIMES I think Lupe Velez thumbs her nose in their most august faces—and makes them like it. The most perfect little pagan in Hollywood. But she combines an amazingly child-like naïveté and warm generosity with her paganism.

I remember one afternoon when she stunned a certain lady from Boston. It suddenly occurred to Lupe that she would be more comfortable without her undergarments. She took them off, one by one, with the complete abandon of a Bali virgin. And quite as un-selfconsciously—two hours later—full dressed again, another idea occurred to her. It would be fun to send flowers to the crippled children's home. Not ordinary flowers but potted gardenias and fragrant tuberose. She sent a truck load . . .

Lupe's whole life has been one of defying customs. One is apt to get that way following a rag-tag army. And Lupe and her mother did that. Her father was a professional soldier. There was no home. Only a roaming gypsy existence. Restraint was as unknown to Lupe as shoes. She slept when she pleased, ate when she pleased. She still does. And she can get a greater kick out of the purple shadows of the mountains than anyone I know.

Lupe rushes into a cafeteria at noon-time with diamond—real diamond—bracelets up to her elbows. People titter. And Lupe laughs outright. She doesn't give a whoop about the very thing that has enslaved queens—public opinion. I have never seen her order a meal from a menu. She goes straight into the restaurant kitchens, Brown Derby, Biltmore or Vendome—it's all the same to Velez. I have a vivid recollection of her in sleek white satin and ermine peering into the Brown Derby Chef's pots and pans. Then she came out and assured her escort, "Oh, my darleeng, you've never sneefed such ravioli!"

She held a train once for fifteen minutes in the Grand Central station. Her Chihuahua dog had escaped. Lupe sprinted after him, the catch on her bag burst open and seven hundred pieces of Mexican gold spattered across the marble floor. What possessed her to carry that amount in foreign coin? Lupe shrugged. She herself didn't know . . .

A child of fancy. Elemental as fire and water, this Lupe. When Gary Cooper was her particular world and everything in it she became furious at him one day. She went to his home and burned every suit of clothes he possessed except the

white duck trousers and sweater he had on. Then remorse set in. She cried all night. At six the next morning his favorite tailor was roused out of bed with urgent orders to get to work at once on a new wardrobe for Gary!

● THEY SHOOT off skyrocketes that light up the earth, these pagans. Lee Tracy, for instance. "Each man to his own life—and me to mine!" That's his creed. Women respond quickly to that riotous, uncontrolled joy of living that is his especial charm. His fan mail from them is greater than Clark Gable's. He does everything with a large gesture—from balcony scenes in old Mexico to giving the traffic cop a cigar. Not that he means to. It simply becomes an Event because Tracy did it.

He won't own anything. Not even a trunk. If he finds he has more clothes than he can pack in his suitcases he gives them away. "Why be tied? And why look back? Lord, man, you might be missing something over them tar hills . . ." Which probably answers a number of things. Why, for example, Lee starts out for a fishing trip and winds up playing poker in Del Monte. And why he went to Florida for two weeks and stayed six months despite frantic telegrams from his manager, the theater and several hundred friends . . .

He's been fired from three of the most important studios with words that made international headline copy. But Lee keeps right on being a cherished and much-needed-on-the-screen vagabond. Hollywood's beloved bad boy . . .

● JUST AS Mae West is Hollywood's golden bad girl, the seductive high-priestess of sex. It was she who brought it out of the lurking shadows and set it up on a nice white pedestal for the world to see. There's nothing cut-and-dried about Mae's technique! What a wife she would have made for Caesar! Can't you see what she would have done to those old Romans? . . . Cleopatra would either have had to take lessons from her or slither into the Nile.

For Mae dares to be different. From the very first she's dared to do with her life exactly as she saw fit.

"Cut your pattern as you go along," she told an extra girl once. "There are no rules to the game of life!"

● THERE WAS an earthquake the day Katharine Hepburn arrived in California. "Go 'way," she shouted at reporters. And the gentlemen of the press went backward in a heap. An unknown newcomer to films was refusing publicity! But when Hollywood saw her sitting in the back of an Hispano-Suiza in torn overalls it smiled drily. "It's a good act she's putting on," said the Knowing Ones. They were sure of it when she arrived at a tea in moccasins and carried a cabbage bouquet to her first preview.

But Hollywood was wrong. It had merely acquired another—and very glorified—pagan. A natural born free soul.

At seven, Katie started out on a walking tour around the world to find the Wizard of Oz. She managed to get five miles from home—and found a windmill. At nineteen she, a bit player, slapped the star of the Broadway show she was in

HOLLYWOOD

because he smirked." And at twenty-five she was defying every accepted Hollywood habit. She was never seen at the "right places." She swore at producers—to their faces. She ran her bicycle into the director who held her film fate in his hands.

● "THERE IS but one thing on earth I'm afraid of," said Sylvia Sidney one night as we walked through a storm together—Sylvia being mad about the rain—"and that's of growing too fond of things. I don't want to get strongly attached to *anything*. It's too easy to get hurt that way." She stamped deliberately through a puddle. "I won't have pets for that reason—except those two love birds. They're both males and instead of cooing they fight like demons. you couldn't get fond of them!"

There is something remotely mysterious about Sylvia. It's in those green eyes of hers. Twice she has run away from Hollywood. The town makes no pretense of understanding her. She is, as a matter of fact, more of a recluse than Garbo. Greta has grown to have a number of intimates. Sylvia has none. No girl friends to chatter with. Sylvia never chatters. When she speaks it's with a sardonic wisdom that seems age-old. She loves to be alone . . .

The happiest "date" she's ever had was

to walk at dawn along a river with a young poet.

She hates red—and athletics—and bread and butter. Schedule of any kind irritates her beyond control. That's why at fifteen she broke the training rules of the Little Theatre group and went joy riding with a boy. They expelled her. Said she'd never find a place in the theatre. And within a year she was a star . . .

Something splendidly untamed about these Slavs like Sylvia.

● AND LIKE Francis Lederer—

He's the most romantic pagan of them all. A tall dark dreamer.

They could never force Francis into dull ruts—even as a little boy in Prague. He's painfully polite about it but, thank you, he will not be tied!

There was that time he was due at a fashionable debutante party at Newport. And he failed to appear . . . On the way up he had stopped his car on a cliff to watch the stars over the ocean and he forgot all about the ball . . .

"Why limit yourself to time and place when the whole world's so beautiful?" he asks. It is the credo of "the unchained." They conform to no set standards. They blaze a brilliant trail of their own—A trail that colors life for us more cautious mortals!

Ruby Keeler Tells on Dick Powell

(Continued from page twenty-one)

it that his future and the future of his parents is amply secured. He has built a charming home at Toluca Lake, and wants his parents to come and live with him. He's bought annuities for them, and for himself, and the Powell family should never have to worry about a comfortable living.

Another of Dick's most important traits is his even temper. In all my association with him, I've never seen him angry or even seriously disturbed. There's only one thing that really burns him up, and that's to be called a "crooner." He isn't a crooner, and never was. He sings right out with a powerful voice, and doesn't slur his notes or put "torch" effects into them like members of the crooner tribe.

He's altogether manly—a man's man. He thought he had a wonderful chance to prove that in our last picture, *Shipmates Forever*. "This is swell!" he said when he first read the script. "I have a fight in it. I go to bat with another Midshipman who's been hazing me, and after a tough battle, I knock him out!" And he was photographed in the liveliest kind of a scrap with big Dick Foran.

Then—alas for Dick! To bring *Shipmates* down to the proper exhibition length, it was necessary to eliminate the fight sequence!

● HE HAS a trainer named "Mushy"

Callahan, once a welterweight championship contender. "Mushy" developed Dick's boxing until he is in a class with Pat O'Brien and Jimmy Cagney—both good fighters. He's proud of that! "Why not cut out one of my songs," he begged Frank Borzage, the director, "and leave the fight scene in?" But it couldn't be done.

I'm prejudiced in favor of Dick, naturally. He's been the only leading man I've ever had, with the single exception of Al, my husband, in *Go into Your Dance*. And it was Dick with whom I appeared in my first picture, *42nd Street*. He was lovely to me, a newcomer. He never tried to monopolize a single scene, although he was experienced and could have done so.

He is just that nice to everyone. I have seen him give up his stars canvas-backed chair, with his name on it, to an old extra lady who looked tired. I've seen him defer a highly important appointment to take a lesser player to his dressing room and rehearse the boy until he became letter-perfect in some lines he had "muffed."

The studio works him hard, because his pictures make lots of money. He's getting experience and becoming a better and better actor. Besides his movie work, he is on the air once a week in a national broadcast, as everyone knows.

In addition to this—with all the necessary rehearsing and studying—he has a singing teacher who puts him through strenuous exercises several times a week, and a physical trainer who keeps him in good shape with hard work-outs every morning. A pretty full life for anyone!

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Over the Bumps With Beery

(Continued from page twenty-four)

what she said but. . . ." He grinned, the famous sheepish Beery grin and abruptly switched the conversation away from himself.

"But talking about parts. . . ."

"We're not," I interrupted, hoping he'd tell me more about himself and his wife.

"That's where you're *wrong*. We are. Talking about parts—when a young fellow just starting out in the movies, plays all kind of parts, pirates, captains . . . aviators . . . first in one port then in another, I say that's a liberal education. Especially for a guy who hasn't had the kind of upbringing he'd like to have had.

● "A FELLOW GETS interested in the parts he's playing and then he generally goes on reading about those things afterwards. Maybe he reads somebody's life. I know many a time I lugged out a dictionary—no—an Atlas, I guess you call it—and looked up some place or other, when I didn't know if I ought to look for it in Africa or South America. The Gulf of Sidra was one I looked up. I've remembered it ever since."

He caught my puzzled expression. "I'll bet you don't know where it is," he chuckled, "and you . . . educated in Europe . . . It's near Tripoli." He paused, and grinned as victoriously, as though he had just broken a long distance flight record. "Yep! When I play a part I get interested enough to try to find out something about it. You see, I didn't get much schooling. That's why I don't know much."

(Don't you believe a word of that. He knows plenty!)

"Sounds kind of silly for a big bug like me to say I wish I'd gone to college. But there have been lots of times in my life when a college education certainly would have helped.

"Yet I'm not kicking. I've had the swellest kind of an education in the School of Hard Knocks. And I guess there's nothing better for a man. Only I'm kind of hoping. . . ."

He paused an instant while a tender look came into his eyes. He was thinking of his little adopted daughter Carol Ann, now four, whom he adores. "I'm kind of hoping she won't have to go through tough things . . . after all, a girl shouldn't have to. I'm doing everything I can to fix things for her so she'll have it easy.

"What was I talking about. . . ?"

"Oh I know! School. I didn't like school although I got on fast. Yes sir . . ." He threw out his chest and smiled proudly. "Shot from one grade to another. Surprises you, doesn't it? You thought I was dumb as I look."

"Well, I'd never heard that you. . . ." I started to say.

"That I was a good scholar. I wasn't. I hated school." He lowered his voice and came closer. "I'll let you in on a secret. They shoved me from one grade into another just as fast as they could, in order to GET RID OF ME!"

He roared. This big kid won't be serious for a second. I honestly couldn't tell when he meant what he said or when he was "spoofing."

● "WELL, I SHOT as far as the fourth grade. But there I stuck. And I'd probably have been there yet if I hadn't run away.

"What made you do that?"

"Oh, for one thing I was a restless cuss. Another—I didn't like music lessons. I thought they were sissy. Ma insisted on them, for all three of us boys. She said she didn't mind our black eyes or our dirty torn clothes or our fights, all that helped to harden a fellow, but we had to have **SOME** culture too.

"Pretty wonderful when you stop to think of it. A family of five living on eighty dollars a month—dad's pay. He was a cop—and mother was busy washing, scrubbing, cooking, cleaning, smoothing out our boy's quarrels—and all the time hanging on to her dream that her kids should amount to something and have **CULTURE**.

"Well—culture and I didn't hit it off so well. So I ran away. But after a while the prodigal returned. And by that time my brother Noah had developed a fine singing voice. I tried. I couldn't sing as *good* as he did. But I could sing awfully loud. And did. Noah left home about this time, and I got a job as an oil wiper on the trains. That didn't last long. For a circus came to town one day and that changed the whole plan of my life. I joined up with them, caring for the elephants.

"Elephants in a circus are notoriously hard to keep in line. Formerly, one man had to accompany each beast, prodding him when he headed out towards the audience, until one day I just had dumb luck enough to hit upon a scheme to keep them together and so get rid of a lot of attendants.

"I taught them to walk around the ring holding each other's tail in their trunk. So each elephant became his brother's keeper. It worked swell, and circuses have adopted the idea ever since.

"I love elephants. They're so darned loyal and affectionate. If they didn't take up so much room I'd love one for a pet. But can you imagine an elephant and **ME** in the same house?"

● HE LAUGHED and stuffed a chocolate into his mouth. Suddenly remembering his hospitality he passed the box to me.

"Sorry! I was thinking about elephants." He chewed on a caramel. "I love sweets, don't you? I ought to have been nick-named **BRUIN** instead of Jumbo, because sweets to me are just like honey to a bear."

"Bruin" did seem a suitable cognomen. For at the moment he looked like a mammoth Teddy Bear and I could imagine little Carol Ann coiling her arms about his neck and nestling close.

He's such a shaggy, kind person, with nothing small about him. Off the screen he is exactly as he is on. Except when he is playing "meanies." Then he is acting. For he hasn't a "mean bone" in him.

A better comparison than the bear might be to say that life has made him like steel, hard, powerful, effective. Yet like the same steel, he bends easily when he is brought into contact with the flame of sorrow and suffering.

Whatever he does, he does in a big way. Even his hobbies are carried out on a mammoth scale. He has several hundred fishing rods, a huge kennel of dogs, myriad canaries (which he raises) and he has just purchased his fourth airplane.

HOLLYWOOD

IN HOLLYWOOD WITH



EGGY WOOD

Noted Stage and Screen
Actress and Author

EVER SO OFTEN the movie columns of the press run a story to the effect that motion picture directors are rushing madly about for new faces and new talent. Then, just as the roads into California become jammed with ambitious hopefuls ready to prove themselves incipient Garbos and Gables, warnings are issued in the press again to the effect that Hollywood is paved with broken hearts, that the industry is overcrowded and to stay where you are. These stories appear at such regular intervals that one suspects they are kept on ice. Yet both are true, which makes it all very complicated.

At the moment, however, the quest for new faces is on and soon the fans will have to accustom themselves to new names and new faces. For instance, it is not going to take the American public long to remember the name of Blanche Yurka, especially after they see her in the forthcoming *Tale of Two Cities*. Miss Yurka has long been known to the stage world, running a gamut in her career from Ibsen, the Greek tragedies and Shakespeare to a screamingly funny comedy last year in New York where she stood on her head and sang an operatic aria!

You will see her in her picture debut as *Madame LaFarge*, the vindictive woman who knits while the heads of aristocrats fall under the guillotine in *Tale of Two Cities*. Tall and blonde, she disguises her coloring in a black wig and slumps her lithe body into a dumpy peasant costume. The day that she was to make her greatest scene before the French Revolutionists, word went around the M-G-M lot that something extraordinary was going on, and the sidelines became crowded with people.

Clifton Webb was there, Ronald Colman looked on, as did Mamoulian, and even Irving Thalberg. From the time Conway called "Camera" to the end of the long scene not a sound was heard but the magnificent voice of Miss Yurka lashing herself into a fine frenzy. At the finish there was a pause of deep silence and then—with one great crash the entire 2,500 extras and the others watching burst into tumultuous applause, while Director Conway leapt up on the platform and in his enthusiasm kissed Miss Yurka very soundly.

To every actress who has come from the stage and is worth her salt, that



Back Home and Folks Back Home, a book by Eugene Wood, father of your columnist, brought smiles to Miss Wood and Editor Ted Magee of HOLLYWOOD Magazine when they met at a recent filmland party

thrilling moment of audible approval from an audience has come at least once in her career.

The other day at luncheon with Kitty Carlisle I reminded her of her great success on the opening night of *Champagne Sec* in New York, and recalled how the audience acclaimed her glorious voice and equally glorious legs, for she was dressed as a boy in tights.

By the way, Miss Carlisle served the most attractive fruit-beginning of a luncheon I have ever seen, that day. A huge pineapple on a silver tray seemed to spill great chunks of every known kind of fruit, only the leaves of the pineapple were gray green spun sugar, and on the point of each leaf was a fixed bright red cherry. It looked as though that particular pineapple had been given an earl's coronet!

Hollywood's restaurants are going in for the continental influence in names. There is a Three Kings, a Queen's Club, and surely by this week there will be a Prince's in the natural course of events! Of course, the Trocadero is named for the famous one in Paris and its brother in London. Alice Faye was looking very luscious there the other night in black satin with silver fox trimming.

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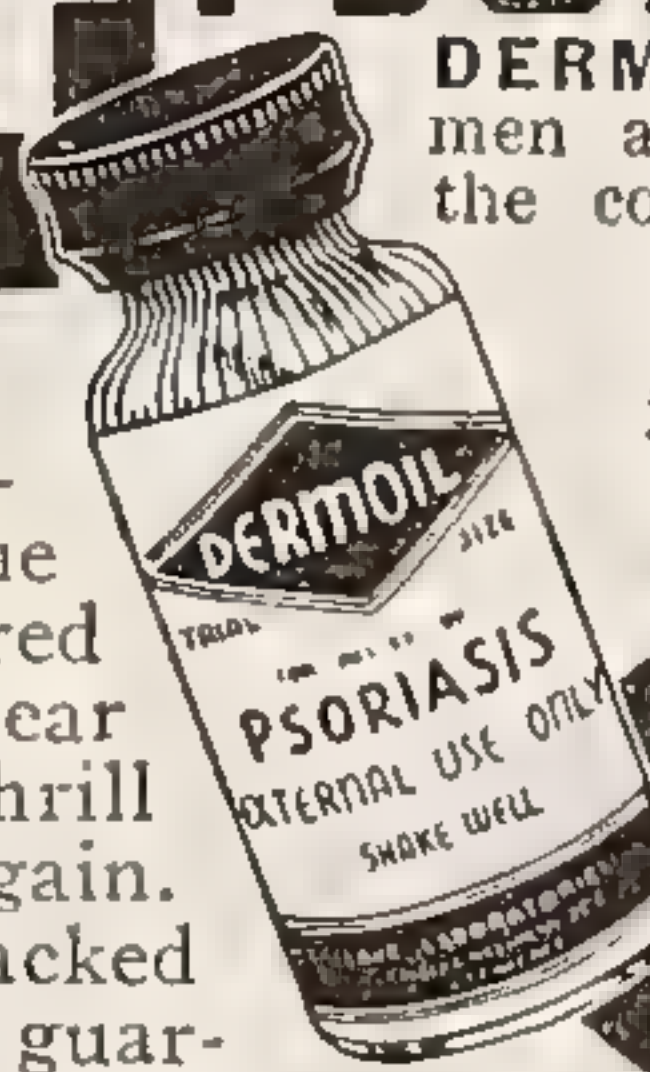
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I Wonder What's Become of Sally?

(Continued from page twenty-eight)

Sally's starring heart went with him. Probably it was intended to be another of Hollywood's many *Trilby-Svengali* combinations but it seems that the directorial genius of Neilan was effected also for surely his subsequent pictures were not up to par and he finally turned to writing.

Sally's second picture under her contract was *Don't And Don't* it was in more ways than one. It was never released and Sally was no longer a star but she was a featured player along with Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett. As "Mary in *Sally, Irene and Mary*, she became established, at her studio, as the kind hearted little poor girl who couldn't wear clothes.

● FOR FOUR YEARS, Sally remained that colorless little girl on the screen. She was glad when her contract ended. If she were a free lance player she could pick and choose.

Talking pictures came along and the smart picture people were turning to personal appearances for stage experience. Sally signed with *Fanchon and Marco* for a tour. Sally had never been away from home. She was lonely and miserable in spite of the fact that she was packing them into the theatres. In Seattle, Washington, she could stand the loneliness no longer and asked her favorite sister, Molly O'Day, to join her.

Molly had met with much success in pictures also, playing opposite Richard Barthelmess *Patent Leather Kid* and *Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. Molly

replaced her and Sally returned to Hollywood.

Once more she played in college pictures, and back stage stories, only this time they were talking pictures. Sally hated them—in her heart she knew she was grown up and could do better work if it were offered to her. Her voice, she felt didn't suit the childish rôles she was playing—it was a throbbing, dramatic voice.

In between all these disappointments was vaudeville and stock, until Sally needed a rest. She took that rest in Europe, making it a combination of pleasure and profit. She studied the theatre and pictures in all European countries. And as she puts it, "returned to Hollywood with a sophisticated droop instead of an eager twinkle in my eye."

● COLUMBIA RECOGNIZED that "droop" and signed her to play opposite Victor Jory in *Too Tough to Kill*, a story of the building of Boulder Dam.

"My part," Sally explains, "is that of a clever newspaper woman—it's really grownup—and I like it."

So that's what's become of Sally—she's back on the screen that was her early love—she's back with her family and ever so happy to be there.

And what, you ask, has become of Arthur Loew?

When Sally definitely re-established herself in pictures, Arthur said "Good-bye" and went back east to marry a girl, whom people say is very much like Sally O'Neil.

—HARMONY HAYNES.

How to Make A Hit with Betty Grable

(Continued from page twenty-nine)

walked right spang into a frank mother-daughter discussion about what could be done about Betty in the morning. The conclusion was finally reached that everything would be hunky-dory if someone could only think up an invention to eliminate mornings. And from that, we went on to discuss Betty's other likes and dislikes, her ambitions, and the things she will have to do.

"The sort of person I'd like to be," Betty confessed candidly, "is the sort who is always perfectly poised, who isn't afraid of people, and who knows how to ask for things."

"Another thing that simply petrifies me is meeting strangers. I have a terrible time at parties until I begin to feel acquainted. And when I'm asked to sing or dance impromptu, I go simply panicky! The other night at a nightclub, when they were introducing picture people in the house and asking them to do their stuff, I ran away and hid because I was afraid they were going to call on me. I had to come out, after awhile."

"I was scared for a moment, but after I got out on the floor, I tap-danced for about fifteen minutes . . . and had fun doing it! That fear seems silly, doesn't it, when you think that I've sung with Ted Fiorito's Band, and danced in personal appearance tours with Wheeler and Woolsey, and played in pictures since I was twelve. It's the very suddenness of

doing impromptu things that bothers me."

"Do you remember your first experience with autograph hunters?" Mrs. Grable reminisced.

● "Do I!" Betty's face was rueful. "That was about the most embarrassing moment of my life. I'd been broadcasting, and there were quite a few picture people on the program. As we were leaving, I noticed a big crowd waiting at the door to get autographs, and suddenly I felt that I just couldn't face all those people. I knew there was a side door in the hall that led outdoors, and I thought I'd make a quiet getaway through that. I threw it open, dashed out, stumbled . . . and fell flat on my face! A man rushed up to me, picked me up, and steadied me until I'd gotten my breath back. And before I'd recovered enough from my embarrassment even to thank him, he extended a book at me and asked, politely, Miss Grable, will you autograph this?"

We hope that there's one particular person in Hollywood who reads this—it will make life much simpler for him. That's Jackie Coogan, Betty's boy friend. Jackie just blew out twenty-one candles on a birthday cake which Betty gave him, and there's romance that looks serious.

But, remember these do's and don'ts, Jackie, if you wish to avoid heart troubles!

—MARCELLA MARCH

HOLLYWOOD



Carole Lombard

by VIRGINIA WOOD

SHE'S just as lovely . . . in the early morning . . . without any make-up . . . as she is on the screen . . . and rises very early . . . to play tennis . . . or go for a long ride . . . in her small car . . . which she drives herself . . . dislikes pink . . . but is very fond of blue . . . loves to design her own clothes . . . and houses . . . has helped decorate half a dozen for her friends . . . likes the radio . . . but usually forgets to turn it on . . . unless she knows Bing Crosby is singing . . . he's her favorite radio personality . . . likes champagne . . . has extremely small feet for her height . . . wears a size four shoe . . . and loves to wear sandals . . . her favorite flowers are white lilies . . . and gardenias . . . in great white vases and bowls . . . likes delicate scents in perfumes . . . which she wears behind her ears.

Her favorite actor is Ronald Colman . . . and Garbo her favorite actress . . . has always wanted to be a success in pictures . . . and takes her work very seriously . . . has an excellent story mind . . . and will often work with a writer on scenes for her current picture . . . has a very fine brain . . . and a great sense of values . . . and fairness . . . is very sympathetic . . . and thoughtful . . . and always sends that telegram . . . or bouquet of flowers . . . instead of just thinking about it . . . like most of us . . . her favorite author is Donn Byrne . . . and she enjoyed Marie Antoinette better than any character in history . . . because she was an interesting character study . . . was once carried around on Douglas Fairbanks' shoulder . . . when a child . . . and was terribly proud and thrilled . . . is very sensitive to her surroundings . . . which immediately take on an air of gaiety . . . when she appears.

Has the reputation of being a "regular" person . . . with every electrician . . . and property boy . . . on the lot . . . likes to put on her own make-up . . . and can make up her own lips in record time . . . with her little finger . . . has very decided likes and dislikes . . . and feels people should get the very utmost out of life . . . and live every minute of it . . . loathes stupidity in people . . . and loves to have clever or witty companions around her.

JANUARY, 1936

Goin' Ga-Ga Over Goo-Goo

(Continued from page thirty)

beginning of the end," Joe muttered as he reached into the corner where the axe habitually stood. For some strange reason it wasn't there. He summoned Jeeves, the valet.

"Where," demanded Joe, "is the axe?"

Maybe Jeeves was just kidding, but anyway, he had a classic answer.

"We loaned it to the Fox studios. They've been cutting off a lot of heads out there, too, sir," he said.

That's how the 20th Century-Fox merger saved Goo-goo's neck. But Joe wasn't through, yet.

Grabbing his once favorite duck by its breeches, he announced that Goo-goo would face the firing squad. Here we might pause to accuse Jeeves, the poker-faced Jeeves, of complicity with one condemned duck, for nowhere to be found was the big duck gun, nor the mighty horse pistol.

This was probably a good thing, for a broadside without a barn, so to speak, might hit anything.

"We'll dispense with this silly business," he said and stalked into the kitchen.

"Open the oven door," Joe ordered his chef.

THE STOVE CREAKED open, and in went Goo-goo. Joe slammed the door precipitately and dusted off his hands.

"I guess that ends it," he said optimistically. Everyone nodded gravely. After all, if he chose to kill the goose that laid the golden egg, who should argue the matter?

The answer came from the stove. It was Goo-goo, making whatever noise ducks make when they encounter a mild imitation of Hades.

Joe Penner is at heart a kindly fellow. He just shrugged his shoulders when Goo-goo announced his first alarmed protest. He pretended not to hear when Goo-goo scratched plaintively on the door. But at last, when his former pet let out a healthy screech, Joe weakened and opened the oven.

Goo-goo seemed to be perspiring a bit from the poor ventilation. Joe scratched his head.

"I wonder if the oven's too hot?" he said. He boosted himself tentatively from the floor and tried to climb in with Goo-goo. Suddenly he changed his mind.

"Oh, no, you don't," he said, wagging a finger at the cook. "You don't get me in there so you can roast me, too. I'm too smart for that."

So was Goo-goo. He leaped out hastily to the floor.

Joe Penner, the tough guy, has a soft spot in his heart. He took one look at Goo-goo and swung into action.

"Poor devil, it's a little warm in there, isn't it?" Joe asked. He picked Goo-goo up by the scruff of the neck, gave him an endearing pat on the back, and tossed him into the pond to cool off.

Goo-goo—and dinner—promptly disappeared from sight. Joe ordered the chef to open up a can of beans for everybody.

"This will make a good story," someone suggested.

"Too good to be true," Joe replied cheerfully. "And besides, it's just too ducky for words."

That proves Joe is going ga-ga over Goo-goo!

—MARIAN RHEA

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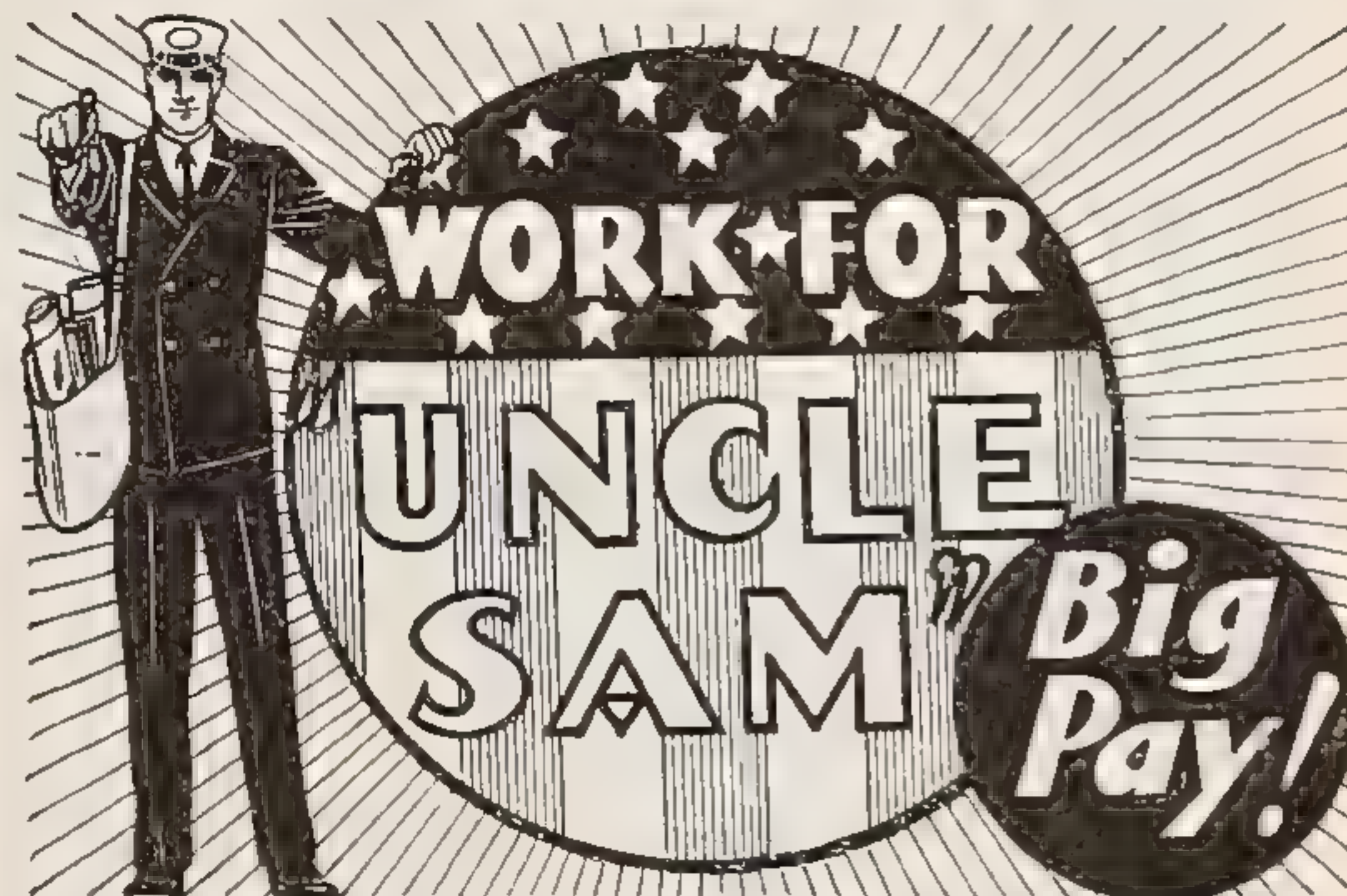
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The Stars Tell on the Stars

(Continued from page thirty-six)

Virgo mate usually is better adapted to them than any other. It may be very difficult in days to come for Joan to understand why Franchot does certain things. Why he likes to wander about, for instance. If she'll only remember this is due more to his forever seeking the poetic and even the mystic than to a change of heart . . .

● WITH THAT Aries influence, Joan is given to intense self-sacrifice. Everything she does is intense. She has enough courage and will power to supply an army—but she has to do things in her own way, without interference from others, or they get confused.

As a rule Aries people are unhappy in their domestic life. Chiefly because they rarely meet anyone of the opposite sex who can really fathom them. Yet hidden beneath all that armor of theirs is an innate sweetness longing to be discovered. A Leo with his power of loving so deeply could discover it. So could a Sagittarius with his prophetic vision. Franchot is neither. But he does have an amazing intuition. And I rather imagine that's all that will be necessary . . .

For three years Margaret Sullavan has been the puzzle of Hollywood—when, frankly, she is no puzzle. Not if you read her sign carefully. She's a Taurus girl with her birthday coming May 16. Terribly determined, these people. Practical and earthy. Act, don't dream, is their motto. It's seldom they see the star first—because they're out-and-out realists—but when they do, they are quite capable of hitching the earth to it. Your true Taurian is the most ingenuous of people yet she wants you to think her worldly wise. . . . She is governed by her heart, but affection has always a greater hold than passion.

Neither the men nor women of this period should marry early. Their first marriage is usually a mistake because they are too easily misled by young emotions. It's simple to figure out then why Margaret's union with Henry Fonda failed. They were not only very young but Henry is also a Taurian and born on exactly the same day!

A Scorpio man would know instinctively how to manage a Taurus girl, when to give in to her and when not to . . . Margaret's present husband, William Wyler, comes under the Cancer sign—which is why you're apt to hear that the Wylers are "on again, off again, on again." Today is bliss, tomorrow turbulence. For the Cancer natives are the most sensitive on earth and the tumultuous Taurian does little to soothe them.

● GINGER ROGERS belongs to the Cancer House. July 16 is her date of birth. Here you have someone with deep family interests—yet always restless. Someone spurred on by a strange longing for travel and adventure—yet willing to keep the home fires burning at any cost. Extraordinary and unexpected changes are continually coming into the lives of the natives of this sign. They're born romanticists and if not understood, they quickly give up and get depressed. I find myself invariably telling these Cancerites never to marry very young. I mean under twenty-three or four.

There is reason in plenty for this. Their nature seems to change at different stages

of life and the partner who appeared ideal to them at eighteen becomes a hindrance at twenty-five. They make the most lasting friendships with people born between October 23 and November 22. But for husbands or wives they should look to Capricorn. When they do, it's a marriage literally "made in heaven" for the Houses of Cancer and Capricorn are central affinities. Lew Ayres, Ginger's husband, is a Capricorn. . . .

● UNLESS GREAT outside pressure is brought to bear, these two should be remarkably happy. With Ginger's gift of diplomacy and Lew's gift of reasoning things out there ought to be few stumbling blocks in their path.

It's a good thing the Capricornians are logical because they have such strong mental force and such a hatred for restraint. Occasionally they have unique ideals of duty and love and social position so that the rest of the world calls them "odd." But their natures are wonderfully devotional and you'll see them continually espousing the cause of the "under-dog." Almost without exception they worship intellectual, clever people and are deep students themselves. Lew keeps his emotions and ambitions well guarded for his sign denotes him to be prudent. One man who won't tell all!

Dick Powell, to the contrary, has the urge to be too out-spoken. But then he's a Scorpio with his birth date November 4. No sign is more talented. None more spirited. But the people born in it are natural extremists who over-work, over-exert, over-play. The thing that drives their friends close to a nervous breakdown is their ability to get into difficult situations. They have many friends, a wide range of popularity. It's their magnetic power which can sway anyone. Generous to a fault. Always making plans to right the world. That's the Scorpio. Often they're too busy to marry—other signs take note! But when they do, it should be with a person born between April 19 and May 20.

● MARY BRIAN, whose name has been frequently linked with Dick's, was born February 17. That makes her sponsored by the House of Aquarius. It's a strange thing about the people of this House. They can fit in anywhere with any other sign—except the more materialistic, like Taurus and Capricorn. In Leo, of course, they're most likely to discover their true affinity. Sympathy to the Aquarians is all important; aggression the one sin. Success has a way of seeking them out, rarely do they have to labor for it. But, on the other hand, these natures are very lonely. They "see through" people too easily to be really happy. Usually high-strung, they like to be where crowds of people congregate—yet they have the feeling of being alone in life. It takes some sudden call of circumstances to have the Aquarian "make the most of herself." With her innate dignity and gentleness, she's too liable to linger in the background.

Since Mary has been in Europe, Dick has escorted Joan Blondell places. Now Joan, with her birthday August 30, is directly under the Virgo sign . . . and Virgo, when it comes to life partners, seldom blends with Scorpio any better than it does with Sagittarius.

HOLLYWOOD

That is readily explained. You see, a Virgo seeks facts and fundamentals. She has both feet on the ground. She lives distinctly in the present—never in the future nor in memories of the past. Is it any wonder they succeed, these practical, active people? You never find them depending on luck to get along but on tact and their keen observation. In affairs of the heart the Virgos are inclined to be polite, maybe a trifle formal. But the women of this sign have it in them to be the most devoted on earth if they find the right mate—which is ordinarily among the *Pisces* men. You can see where a *Scorpio* who goes from one extreme to the other without much calculating, would wear them down. To say nothing of a *Sagittarian* who is a living example of perpetual motion.

Just last summer Claudette Colbert, also a Virgo, quietly divorced her *Sagittarius* husband, Norman Foster. They "fling their fancies skyward"—the people of this period. No one craves freedom more than they do. And the men marry on impulse as a rule. An indefatigable optimism governs them. They never stop striving, never rest on laurels, never despair. The *Sagittarian* must have affection and is dependent on it. Better look to *Gemini* for that . . .

● AND WHAT of *Libra*, the just, with its good sportsmanship and nobility? Carole Lombard, born October 6, can claim this House. And a good one it is, for the members have a way of crystalizing a fanciful thought into exquisite po-

etry and art. They weigh and balance a question from every side. Even so, they have a good many ups and downs in life. They're constant in the marriage relationship; yet they're seldom happy in it. They appear to weigh matters too much. The *Libra* sometimes forgets you can't put love under a microscope . . . *Aries* would understand this and make them remember! All the signs seek *Libra* in friendship, especially *Leo*. And there you have the answer to why Carole and William Powell are good friends today. Bill, born July 29, is a *Leo*.

Already he's found out a very important thing for any *Leo*-ite. Unless he's busy, completely absorbed in some work, the days have not much meaning. He's fond of order, almost painfully methodical at times. And the odd part of it is, the *Leo*-ite takes his love affairs as seriously and methodically as he does other undertakings. Sometimes his very over-determination defeats him. But what a brilliant conversationalist! Wit . . . merriment . . . a swift, clear viewpoint . . . cold, impartial judgment. . . There you have the *Leo*. They can stand any sort of person as long as they have individuality and purpose. But for their central affinity, let them select someone born between January 20 to February 19.

● JEAN HARLOW missed out by only a few days. She was born March 3 which makes her a *Pisces*. So I'm inclined to believe her when she says that she and Bill Powell are merely friends and will be nothing more. . . .

Charlie Butterworth Sobs In His Beer

(Continued from page thirty-five)

a lot of pain and woe. In the morning, waking up, I'd think, 'I have to have lunch with an interviewer.' I'll have to wear a nice suit. I'll have to be on time. When we get to the restaurant I'll have to order. I'll have to eat the food I ordered and ten to one, it won't be what I really wanted, and ten to one, I won't know what to say to the interviewer, and then the thing will just go on and on, 'Butterworth is a nit-wit.' I can't face it, I tell you."

He was staring into his second beer desperately.

"Maybe you're just shy."

● "WELL, I GUESS I am. I just can't bear crowds. When I see a little knot of people, interestedly talking and laughing, my idea is to slip past silently and not be drawn in."

"You must try to get over it. You must be more insouciant."

"That's easy to say," he muttered morosely. "But I might as well try it again. I have tried it, a few times. It never works. Nothing does. But I'll try it once more. For your sake."

We silently drank our second beer.

We sighed, and wiped our mouths.

"You know, I am a little like that character I play on the screen so much," he murmured. "I mean, a little frustrated. And always getting overcome by forces of nature. Like our cook. While I'm feebly contemplating my breakfast, and maybe I've got a little hangover, and maybe I am thinking, 'I wonder if a teeny weeny little bite of egg would be as awful as I think it would,' . . . my wife and the cook start planning

dinner. The cook is magnificent; she can cook anything, but she hates to cook. She lives on cornflakes and milk herself. Food bores her.

"Well, my wife says, 'What about cauliflower?' The cook says, 'Anyway you want it, I can fix it.' Then my wife trills, 'Charlie, you're going to have cauliflower, with cheese on it, tonight!' and I tell you, it nearly kills me. It just nearly kills me. Then I have to get dressed you know, and pick out a tie to wear . . . Oh, the whole day is just a terrific problem."

"I never get any rest. No mental peace. I'm always having to decide something. You know . . . tea or coffee, or blue or green necktie, or where to go, or what to say to people, or something . . .

● "EXCITING? No. Just hard. You really want to know why I followed you over here? Well, they want me to have an interview at the studio. Tell some woman what I think about life, you now." He gave me a short desperate glance. "I had to get away. So I walked out. But then I didn't know where to go, and I followed you."

I coughed discreetly.

"I am, by profession, a lady interviewer," I said.

He looked at me like one betrayed.

I went on. "I was supposed to interview a man named Butterworth."

He flung out his hands in hopeless acceptance.

"Forces of nature," he told himself, with sad certainty. "Well . . . Shall we have another beer?"

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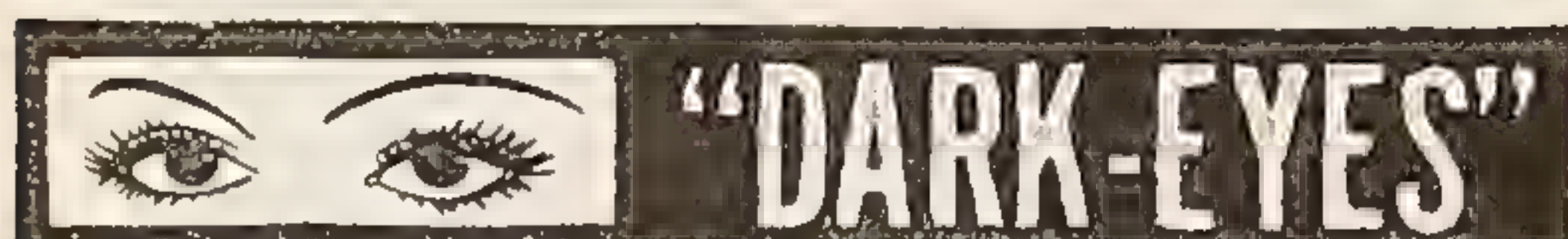
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Cowboys Ride Again

(Continued from page thirty-four)



Hoot Gibson's airplane accident almost
ended his career but now he's back to
please millions of theatre-goers

was not a Western. It was an *open air*
picture. Dix will make a good many open
air features in the future."

BUCK JONES, on the other hand has
just been signed up by Universal for
many *outdoor pictures*. Report has it
that he will get five thousand dollars a
week on this new contract which is, Buck
admits, "a whole lot of jack." If this
figure is correct he is getting more than
most of the sex-appeal boys at the big
studios, and he doesn't envy them except
for one thing. Buck has a secret am-
bition, "And someday," he says solemnly,
"someday, I'll realize it and see one of my
pictures in a first run house." Now that
he isn't going to make Westerns any more,
only outdoor pictures, his wish may come
true.

Ken Maynard's new series, distributed
through Columbia, are called *action pic-
tures*. "I'm not monkeying any with the
tried and true formula for my stories,"
Ken says, "what's the use of experiment-
ing when I know what people want? As
long as they pay me more than most of
the dress suit heroes are getting, I'm con-
tent to wear chaps and a flannel shirt. An
old cowhand said to me the other day
'Ken, these movie actors most gen'arly
seem to outlive their money! Well, I'm
saving mine. But I get a laugh sometimes
the way Hollywood regards cowboy stars.
We're the step-children of the industry—
the outlaws of the movies! Dramatic
players sort of look down their profiles
at us and the interviewers don't speak, but
the public must like us. There aren't any
Santa Clauses signing salary checks
around here.'"

While Ken can earn considerably more
yearly than the President of the United
States by hard ridin', straight shootin' and
plain talkin', he will continue to play in
West—beg pardon—in action pictures.
Did we say that Tom Mix had just fin-
ished making a serial? Our mistake! Tom
has been working on a "continued"
picture. Other names for this form of
art in which scenery, horses and the
more rugged emotions are mingled are
"ozone operas" and "sky stuff." What a
director who fancied he had made a rep-
utation in society comedies calls them
when the Front Office hands him a script

named *The Bronco-Buster of Lonely
Valley* we will not record here.

It seems an undisputed fact that West-
erns have earned a bigger profit on their
investment than any other type of movie
ever made. They have been the life
savers in many of the major studios with-
out mention in their publicity blurbs. It
is said that Tom Keene's pictures were
the biggest money makers on a lot that
boasted such prestige stars as Harding
and Hepburn, that Dick Arlen's modest
programmers made more profit for Para-
mount in proportion to the investment
than Dietrich's. And yet curiously enough
the big studios do not like to bother with
this type of film and actors, actresses and
directors resent being asked to work
on them.

"Players are ashamed to act in West-
erns nowadays," Buck Jones sighs, "I in-
sist on having real actors in my casts,
but, boy—is it hard to sign 'em! You'd
think riding a horse was a crime the way
they shy away from confessing it! They
prefer admitting they got pies thrown at
them in a Mack Sennett comedy. And
young actors feel insulted when they're
cast as Western heroes—fight like steers
to get out of such degradation, stroll
through 'em with their noses in the air
and apologize to their friends afterward.
Maybe that's why they don't catch on
with the public. You've got to believe
in what you're doing to succeed."

Still you can't blame the ladies, Buck.
No woman, except Texas Guinan ever
rode to fame astride a bronc. "They kep'
the same story," Tex used to reminisce
of her cowgirl picture days, "but they
changed the horse now and then." Silken
sophisticated Carole Lombard did not
learn allure from her training in roping
cattle thieves for a Buck Jones picture,
and it was not as a little prairie flower
that Joan Bennett discovered how to
emote although she was saved from a
fate worse than death many a time in
her early days.

Western pictures have made the fame
and fortune of a long list of men stars.
Bronco Billy Anderson chased redskins
across the screen before big salaries were
dreamed of, but Two Gun Bill Hart and
J. Warren Kerrigan earned enough to re-
tire to luxurious ranch houses near
Hollywood where they breed fine riding
horses and entertain like the caballeros
of old. Tom Mix has probably made
more money from movie fame than any
other film personality and at nearly sixty
his name is still worth fifteen hundred a
day! Thanks to the public gained in
Westerns Jack Holt has been a screen
star for twenty years—an all-time record.
Buck Jones is still going strong after
seventeen years, Hoot Gibson has fifteen
years to his credit, Ken Maynard, thir-
teen, Tim McCoy and George O'Brien,
nine.

Gene Autry is the newest of the out-
door stars, but in being the newest he is
the first to introduce musicals into the
western field.

Signed to a personal contract by Nat
Levine, production chief of Republic
studios, Autry is now making the third
of a series of eight features.

Whatever the reason Westerns are
booming these days in Hollywood, the
shootin', ridin', ropin' boys are back. Wel-
come stranger! Shake Pard! Whoopee!

HOLLYWOOD

Shirley Scores a Bull's-eye

(Continued from page thirty-nine)

Stokes' Drug Store—over one of the buildings of a studio street scene.

Ping! Ping! Ping! Cheers from the gallery and a howl of glee from Bill.

"Wow! I hit the lettah 'o' right in th' nose!"

Suddenly, arithmetic wasn't so interesting to Shirley. She deserted her take-aways and joined him. "I bet I can do that, too," she remarked.

● **BILL RELINQUISHED** the sling-shot and she aimed carefully, drew back the elastic with practised hand.

Ping! The gallery cheered again, but more from loyalty than appreciation of marksmanship. Because the shot missed the 'o' in Stokes and hit a plate glass window. No, the window didn't break, but at this point Mrs. Temple interfered anyway.

"Shirley," she instructed, "don't you shoot that thing again!"

Ping!

Now there were those present who would swear that the second shot really got under way before this admonition, but Mrs. Temple thought differently.

"Shirley," she said, firmly. "bring the sling-shot to me!"

Shirley eyed her mother, saw she meant it . . . thought quickly. Then—"I'll tell you, Mommy," she said, ingratiatingly, "you're a long way away and I'm kinda tired. I'll just give it to Bill. . . ." She suited the action to the word.

Mrs. Temple smiled somewhat wryly and turned back to the magazine she had been reading. "Little minx," she said. "She knows Bill will give it back to her pretty soon while I should probably keep it all day."

In the second shot of the morning, Shirley won a special bit of praise from Director Butler which with lightning perspicacity she turned to her own advantage in the matter of recovering the sling-shot. It was like this:

Shirley, dressed up in a green plaid alpaca creation with peplum, tight bodice, velvet hat tied with ribbons underneath her round little chin, appears at the ticket window of a little southern railway station in company with Bill Robinson. They want a ticket to Washington because they have very important business there. It is a matter of life and death in fact. They haven't very much money and the situation is tense. Will they have enough to buy their tickets?

"What's the fare to Washington for a colored gent'man and a little girl?" Bill asks the agent.

"Six dollars and twenty-cents for you and—" the agent looks at Shirley and considers—"I think the little girl is a bit tall for half-fare. . . ."

● **IMMEDIATELY, HOWEVER,** Shirley remedies that impression. Eliminating several inches from her height by scrootching down so that her little green skirt sweeps the platform, she pipes up: "Oh, no! I was standing on my toes, then. **THIS** is my real size!"

The ticket man laughs and promises to give them the ticket for half fare. Shirley and Bill move on. And this is where Shirley did the thing that won extra praise from Mr. Butler. As she walked away, without being told she kept on scrootching down, thus preserving the effect of smallness.

JANUARY, 1936

Butler was delighted. "That's wonderful, honey," he said. "You're a real actress. I am very pleased."

Quick as a flash Shirley, the opportunist, made him a proposition. "Then maybe you'd fix it so I could get my sling-shot back?"

Amid the laughter of all assembled, including Mrs. Temple, Director Butler "fixed it."

● **IT WAS LUNCH** time, then, but the afternoon found the company, or most of it, back at work—this time in a rose arbor. The setting was beautiful. It was supposed to be after the war and John Boles (who plays Captain Cary, Shirley's father) handsome in Confederate uniform, was having a friendly mint julep with his former enemy in the picture, Union Army Colonel Morrison (Jack Holt).

The scene was supposed to open with the two men in brief and pleasant conversation, after which Shirley was to "ping" Jack again with her sling-shot—this time as a friendly little joke—and then to run to him and her father (John) for a lovely finale. Well, the cameramen ultimately got the shot, but not until some two hours had been lost, together with everybody's patience. You see, the "best-laid schemes" of cameramen and director "gang aft a-gley . . ." For instance:

● **THE TWO OFFICERS** are sitting there quietly and the cameras are ready to roll when Jack Holt, with an accidental move of his elbow knocks over his mint julep. Time out.

Everything is ready again, when high overhead sounds the drone of an airplane.

"Hold everything!" yells Butler in disgust. "That noise won't do. Airplanes in 1865! My eye!"

More inaction until the plane—probably going two-hundred miles an hour but, to that impatient group, apparently standing still—disappears into the blue.

● *The Littlest Rebel* was five weeks in the making and countless interesting things occurred during that time—things out of as well as in the script. But just that one day on the set was enough to tell me I am going to like that picture. Everyone will, I am positive.

As you have no doubt gathered, it is a Civil War story and it is packed full of drama, excitement, humor and pathos. Shirley, more adorable than ever, stars as Virgie Cary, militant little Confederate who is as usual the center of things, aided by Uncle Billy, the lovable Bill Robinson. Yes, they dance together just as they did in *The Little Colonel*. Besides Shirley, Bill, John Boles and Jack Holt, others in the cast are Karen Morley, Willie Best, known also by the picturesque cognomen of Sleep and Eat, Big Boy Williams and Frank McGlynn, all playing important rôles. Karen is Shirley's lovely, tragic mother in the picture and McGlynn is Abraham Lincoln whom Shirley visits to plead for the lives of her beloved Daddy and Colonel Morrison. They are about to be shot—Captain Cary is a spy and Colonel Morrison for leniency toward him—but does Shirley win the president over? Well, what do you think?

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Star Gazing IN HOLLYWOOD

by JACK SMALLEY, Managing Editor

● HERE Y'ARE, FOLKS—climb aboard for a tour of the studios! Only a couple more seats to fill and we're off! See the stars in their native habitat; get your gossip first hand!

● WE ARE NOW entering Warner Brothers'-First National, and that hammering isn't from picture critics, folks—it's from NINE NEW sound stages! Count 'em. And here's the set for *Captain Blood*, biggest production on the lot, costing almost as much as *Midsummer Night's Dream* to produce.

These two huge galleons are for the battle scenes between *Captain Blood* and the English. They are ready to shoot. Errol Flynn stands on the



"The ship is sinking, Captain Blood!" Guy Kibbee and Errol Flynn during filming of tense battle scenes

quarter deck. Cannons are loaded. Ready, action!

And is that ACTION! Fireballs drop from above; spars crash—look, there's a sailor falling from the rigging! Guy Kibbee staggers through the smoke. Pirate Kibbee has a message:

"Captain, the ship is sinking. What shall we do?"

"Do? Swap her for one that's not sinking! Out with the grappling hooks! Make ready to board the English!"

Folks, you're gazing on the nation's new heart-throb—Errol Flynn. His first picture, and it's a million dollar production!

● THIS STOP is worth the trip alone, ladies and gents—here we are at RKO for a glimpse of *Follow the Fleet*, starring Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. This set represents a movie magnate's idea of a public dance hall in a seaport. Sure, it's a bit swank and modernistic, but those red and white trimmings will photograph swell. Those twelve couples dancing are not regular actors—Director Mark Sandrich found 'em searching dance halls for two months. It's a contest, see? Ginger and Fred enter it. And who wins? Hah! You should ask that!

Before we leave, get a load of that little singer—Harriet Hilliard is the name, and you'd better get her autograph. She's a comer! Okay, let's go.

● GAZE UPON the big spectacle scene in Eddie Cantor's new picture, *Shoot the Chutes*, folks. Those five hundred extras dressed in their Sunday best are night club patrons. The huge floor of polished bakelite is three inches thick. See the army of moppers? They have to wipe the floor after every "take." Twenty-five girls are coming out to do a dance, and say, is this an eyeful! They had tough breaks on this picture. Sam Hardy died, and everybody was broken-hearted over that tragedy. Had to re-shoot all his scenes, of course. Stunt man broke a leg jumping from a roller coaster. Come onto this set for a minute; they're shooting with Cantor here. Watch Eddie—he's supposed to be a bright little handy man at college. That's his shop. Inside he's got everything the campus lad needs—machine for breaking in new pipes, another for breaking in new shoes. That sign offers "new or second hand themes," and Eddie, for two bucks, will guarantee to get you a passing grade in your exam.

● MAKE WAY for the Star Gazers, gateman. We're coming to see what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is shooting today. The biggest picture is—*The Great Ziegfeld*, eh? Swell! Stage 16, folks. And there's Bill Powell, playing Ziggy himself. This is to show the place where he got his start, friends. The World's Fair in Chicago. That's Nat Pendleton up there, in the curly yellow wig and tights. What a build! Nat plays Sandow, the Strong Man. See those wires? That's how he lifts the weights. Director Leonard is going to town with this production. Luise

Rainer is Anna Held, Ziggy's big love. Wait till they start making the *Follies* scenes—will that be something! Wish we could run up on location to see Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald making *Rose Marie*—it's going to be better than *Naughty Marietta*! But Lake Tahoe is too far for this trip, ladies and gents.

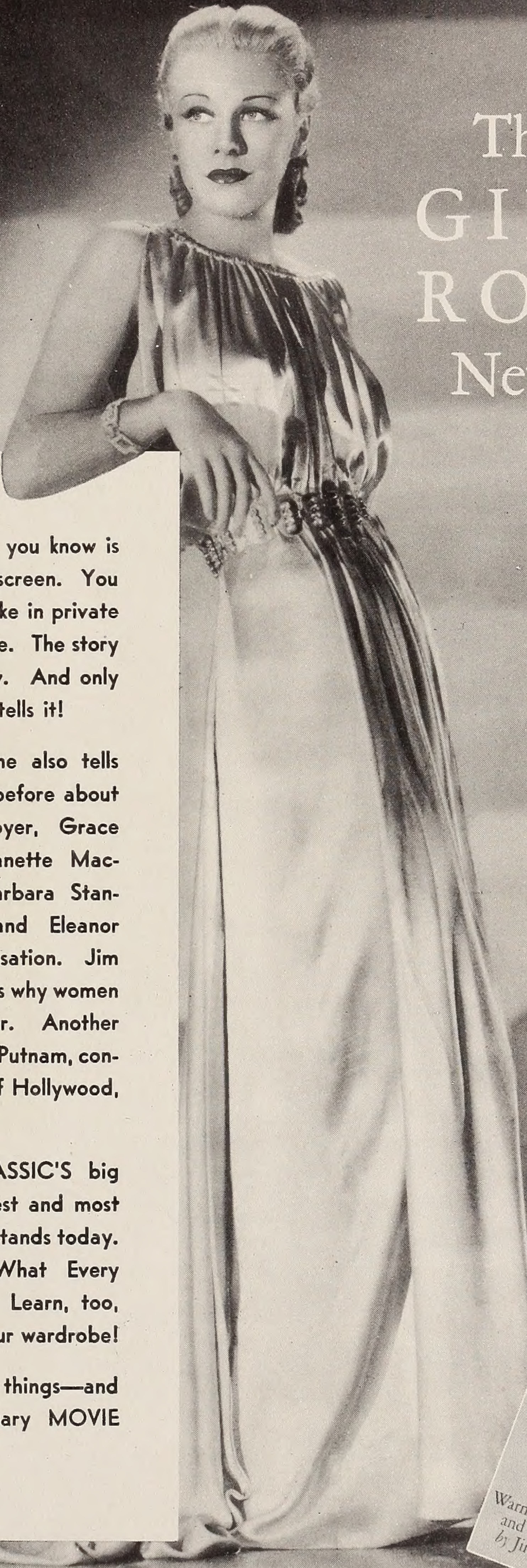
● ON To Westwood Hills, and here we are at 20th Century-Fox. Things are humming out here. Everybody says Darryl Zanuck, the boss, is the greatest showman yet produced, and he's in his early thirties. Want to see Shirley Temple? Sorry, she's at Palm Springs on a vacation; just



Here's a tap dancer that will catch your eye! It's Sunny O'Dea, doing her stuff on a \$10,000 floor as a routine in Eddie Cantor's *Shoot the Chutes*

finished *The Littlest Rebel*. I saw her in her Civil War dress—ruffled pantaloons and hoop skirts, and she is so doggone lovely you could eat her! Come on, let's watch Victor McLaglen and Freddie Bartholomew making *Professional Soldier*. Say, little Freddie and big Vic sure have hit it off together first rate. Vic gave him a .22 rifle and Freddie is crazy about it.

Sorry we haven't time for any more stops just now—but there'll be another jaunt next month. Just ask for HOLLYWOOD Magazine!



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